# HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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THAT GARLAND HAS SLIPPED.

HIS *VARIOUS CHANNELS OF USEFULNESS* IN *PUBLIC TRUST*—ARE AT AN END!

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HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE,

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY.

*The contents of the current number are even more varied than usual. In*

FICTION

*there is the first part of a humorous story by* MARGARET EMMA DITTO, *entitled "The Spirit of the Marshalls"; the fifth instalment of* MRS. LILLIE'S *fascinating serial, "Jo's Opportunity"; "The Calf's Story," by* R. K. MUNKITTRICK; *and short tales by* DAVID KER *and* EMILY BAILEY.

ENTERTAINMENT AND INSTRUCTION

*are found in "The Argonaut and the Pearly Nautilus," one of* MISS COOPER'S *charmingly written articles on Natural History, and in a short article of a practical character showing how to make a useful telephone.*

ILLUSTRATIONS.

*The front-page is an engraving after a painting by* CLINTON PETERS, *entitled "Called Back." Other illustrations are by* A. B. FROST, W. T. SMEDLEY, JESSIE MCDERMOTT, W. P. BODFISH, DAN BEARD, *and* CULMER BARNES.

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1886.

## THE PRESIDENT'S REASONS.

SO much has been said of the pledges of the President not to remove an officer except for "cause," which means technically official dishonesty or incompetency, that it is worth while to see exactly what he has said upon this point. The important pledge is said to be contained in the letter of December 25, 1884, to the National Civil Service Reform League. The letter of the League spoke of the wide-spread anxiety lest the party change in the national Executive should lead to a general partisan proscription in the civil service. To this the President replied, in the first place, that he regarded himself as pledged to the fair and honest enforcement of the reform law. He then said, in the second place:

"There is a class of government positions which are not within the letter of the civil service statute, but which are so disconnected with the policy of the Administration that the removal therefrom of present incumbents, in my opinion, should not be made during the terms for which they were appointed, solely on partisan grounds, and for the purpose of putting in their places those who are in political accord with the appointing power. But many now holding such positions have forfeited all just claim to retention, because they have used their places for party purposes in disregard of their duty to the people, and because, instead of being decent public servants, they have proved themselves offensive partisans and unscrupulous manipulators of local party management. The lessons of the past should be unlearned, and such officials, as well as their successors, should be taught that efficiency, fitness, and devotion to public duty are the conditions of their continuance in public place, and that the quiet and unobtrusive exercise of individual political rights is the reasonable measure of their party service."

In this passage the President says two things: first, that satisfactory officers should not be displaced for party reasons during their terms; and second, that any officer who has politically misused his place so as to become an offensive partisan ought to be removed. It will be observed that the President does not say that he would remove no officer except for "cause," in the sense of dishonesty or incompetency. The only "cause" that he specifies is offensive partisanship. Therefore the assertion that his pledge makes removal a stigma upon the character of the officer is unfounded. The President has neither said nor done anything which makes the mere fact of suspension or removal during the term a reflection upon the personal character of the officer, and the action of the Senate, so far as it is based upon that assumption, is wholly unjustifiable. The "cause" of removal mentioned by the President in the report of an interview in the Boston *Herald* may be, therefore, either technical official delinquency, or incapacity, or offensive partisanship. In either case the reason may be stated with the utmost propriety and public advantage.

The solid judgment and intelligence of the country have the most friendly disposition toward the President, and in no way could he strengthen himself more surely than by the utmost frankness upon this subject. His conduct in regard to appointments and removals has been so unprecedentedly excellent that no man has the right to doubt his entire good faith, whatever mistakes he may have made, and a Republican Senate which is responsible for the most absolutely partisan service may see in the course of a Democratic President a fidelity to reform which no Republican Administration has ever shown. But while the Senate has no moral right or constitutional authority to demand reasons, reasons may be most wisely given.

The secrecy that envelops the whole subject of appointments and removals should end. Applications and recommendations and certificates and papers of every kind concerning a nomination should be laid before the Senate in open session. The public has the right to know who asks that a man shall be appointed to a public office, and upon what grounds. When a man takes the responsibility of such a recommendation, he assumes to speak for the public upon a public matter; and if he seeks to evade his responsibility, it is because he is ashamed of his own conduct. Governor GRAY and the State officers of Indiana, who asked the appointment of BARNEY CONROY as transfer mail agent, assert that it was a mere form. They may say what they will, the fact remains that they gave the weight of their names and offices to secure the appointment of a notoriously improper man as a public officer. None of them would have employed him themselves, but they tried to foist him into the public service. Let the full light be turned on. Let Governors and Senators and Representatives learn that when they write a letter or sign a petition asking for an appointment, the letter and the signature will be made known to the public, whom they assume to serve. When Mayor LOW prepared his rules for the regulation of the municipal service in Brooklyn, he announced that he reserved the right of publishing the recommendatory letters. There could be no truer measure of reform than a provision for the complete publicity of all recommendations and proceedings in regard to appointments, and there could be no better beginning of this better practice than the announcement by the President of the reasons for any removal when desired, and the publication of the recommendations for every appointment.

## THE TELEPHONE SCANDAL.

SINCE the scandals of the Crédit Mobilier, the post traderships, and the MULLIGAN letters, there has been nothing more painful than the connection of the Attorney-General with the Pan-electric Telephone. But the party organs which try to turn it to a mere party advantage will do well to remember that the Democratic party has not yet proposed to nominate Mr. GARLAND for the Presidency.

The public interest in the affair is not that of the right or wrong of the telephone contest; it is in the conduct of public officers and the good name of the government. There is no greater public offence than the receipt by a member of Congress or an executive officer of "blocks of stock," or any form of moneyed interest, in enterprises whose value and prosperity depend largely upon legislative or executive action. A member of Congress knows that if he were a private citizen the offer would not be made to him, and that his interest is sought because of his influence and vote. Experience shows the object of such gifts, and the immediate refusal of any part in the telephone speculation by Mr. HEWITT and Mr. COX shows the view of the offer which instinctively occurred to them. But when a Senator who has become interested without cost to himself in a patent enterprise, whose value must depend largely upon annulling rival patents issued by the government, becomes the head of a department which authorizes the name of the United States to be used to institute a suit by which the property given to him to secure his influence may be enormously benefited, the scandal is flagrant. Yet that seems to be the position in which the Attorney-General of the United States is placed.

It is impossible that Mr. GARLAND can continue to hold the interest and remain Attorney-General without national discredit. If the suit which is authorized by the Secretary of the Interior should be brought, and the result should be the annulment of the BELL patent, and the consequent profit to the Attorney-General of a million of dollars, what would be his position, and what the effect upon the good name of the country and the character of the Administration? Or if the suit should fail, what would still be the Attorney-General's position, since the proposed suit, as showing that the law officers of the government held that there were good grounds for contesting the BELL patent, necessarily favored the Pan-electric speculation? The affair is in every way painful. It is not of party significance, but of national importance. When the sale of the post traderships was brought near to the Secretary of War in General GRANT'S cabinet, and he was impeached, he resigned. But at the trial no one described more trenchantly the corrupt tendencies of the time which the revelations disclosed than a Republican Senator. And if Senator HOAR'S speech did not stay the increasing conviction at that time that a change was expedient in the party control of the Administration, it did undoubtedly show that the conscience of the party still survived.

In Mr. SCHURZ'S speech at the opening of the campaign of 1884, by far the most memorable and important speech of that campaign, he portrayed in vivid and forcible words the perilous tendency of lax views of honor in public life. It was the protest against such tendencies which brought the present Administration into power. The protest could have had no more satisfactory representative than the President, whose remarkable political career is due to the fact that the country saw how truly he held public office to be a public trust. There is no evidence that the faith in his conviction and upright purpose is shaken. There are multitudes of those who could not vote for him, less from distrust of him than of his party, who agree that the fear of evil consequences which they honestly cherished has not been justified by the event. All men of every party who are not besotted with mere party spirit believe that in every emergency the President will prove by his works his faith in honest government. His feeling in this matter may be imagined, but his duty is as clear as that of the Attorney-General.

## INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

THERE has been a very interesting discussion before the Congressional committee upon the question of international copyright, in which, if nothing new was said, some old truths were stated with great vigor and precision. The opposition to such a copyright, so far as it is based upon the theory that there can be no property in ideas, or that all property rights are regulated by society, is futile. Mr. HUBBARD evidently attempted something of this kind, and Mr. LOWELL answered him conclusively by the remark that property does not attach to the idea, but to the literary form of the idea. An invention is only an idea fashioned in a certain way; but society properly grants patents. So it is true that society appropriates private property to its own use. But it appropriates it only for the common benefit, and with adequate compensation. It does not wantonly confiscate it upon the ground that a certain kind of property is not property at all. The domestic copyright law is a grant to the author for an exclusive control for a limited time and for the common benefit of the disposition of the form in which he fashions his idea. The moral consideration inevitably presents itself in the inquiry whether a nation can rightfully discriminate in such a grant against any body of authors. Or even if all property or claim of the author be denied, and the copyright be regarded as a mere bounty of the state for its own advantage, it is still a question of expediency whether it is not desirable practically to concede, at least in some degree, the right which the author asserts.

The bill introduced by Senator HAWLEY, which is known as the bill of the Copyright League, gives to the foreign author in this country the same rights that the American author enjoys, provided that the grant is reciprocal in the country of the foreign author. Senator HAWLEY stated to the committee that more careful reflection had led him to the conclusion that foreign works copyrighted here should be printed and manufactured in this country for the United States, and he would add such a provision to the bill. Mr. CLEMENS agreed with him that such a provision would be expedient. This is suggested as a concession of policy, because such a provision belongs properly to the tariff rather than to a copyright law. Under the present conditions of the tariff and of contingent expenses, the protection given to books is from thirty to forty per cent. That protection would not be annulled by the reciprocal copyright. The bill introduced by Senator CHACE, of Rhode Island, is simply a modification of the tariff regulations in the form of a grant of international copyright. To gain an American copyright, the foreign author must register within fifteen days after publication in the foreign country, and deposit two copies of the best American edition within three months after such register, or the copyright will become void. If the American publisher abandons publication after publishing, the copyright lapses, and after recording the copyright, the importation of foreign copies of the book is prohibited. This is the substance of the bill which is designed to secure the manufacture of the books in this country, and to exclude the foreign editions.

As Senator HAWLEY also has decided that some such manufacturing provision is expedient, it is probable that this condition will be in some form included in any bill that may be reported. It will undoubtedly restrain the cheapness which springs from the unrecompensed appropriation of foreign works. But under any equitable arrangement, if the larger market be here, and the demand of that market be cheap books, cheap books will be supplied. In that opinion Mr. LOWELL is undoubtedly right. But it is a mistake to suppose that the people of this country want cheap books at any cost to honor and honesty. They have had cheap books for many a year; but the cheapness has been in accord with a practical copyright paid to foreign authors by honorable American publishers. And it is the fact that cheapness has been sought by making the further payment of such practical copyright impossible which has reäwakened and stimulated the present interest in the question. So long as the foreign author received from this country a fair reward for his work, a law was desired by him only as a guarantee of continuance. But when a situation arises in which the foreign author is deprived of his reward, and the American author becomes a workman competing with laborers who are paid nothing, then the time has come when, in the

language of the Constitution, "the progress of science and useful arts" is to be promoted "by securing by law for limited times to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries."

## THE SUPERINTENDENT OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.

No more important duty devolves upon the present Legislature of New York than the selection of a Superintendent of Public Instruction. In character and influence his office is one of the great offices of the State, and its power and duties are such that ordinary political considerations should be excluded entirely from the appointment. It is an office which reaches into every one of the 12,000 or 15,000 school districts, and so touches every part of the State. Its relations with these districts are constant and thoroughly organized, and consequently the position is one which is susceptible of enormous abuse for political or even personal purposes. The Superintendent should be a man of the highest character, and above all suspicion of a disposition to misuse the opportunities of his office. He should be a man of executive and administrative ability rather than a pedant, but of scholarly training and of comprehensive and generous views of education. The result of the influence of such a man in stimulating the work of primary instruction in the State, as well as in the technical management of the vast business details of his office, is incalculable, and the appointment is well worthy of the most careful thought by every intelligent member of the Legislature.

At present the Superintendent is elected by the Legislature. It is inevitable, therefore, that the party of the majority determines the party sympathy of the candidate. This in itself is of little importance if it does not lead to the displacement of a conspicuously fitting incumbent. That is not the present situation, because the late Superintendent has resigned. The new Superintendent will be a Republican, but he should be something more than a Republican politician. He should be a person whose selection would commend the party to the approval of the State as seeking to place in the Superintendency of Public Instruction a man of whom something more could be said than that he is a Republican wheel-horse, sure to vote for the devil if he be regularly nominated. That kind of Superintendent would be sure also to pervert the office to partisan purposes, and to harm rather than help the cause of education.

While Governor HILL proposes to transfer the duties of the Board of Regents of the University to a bureau in the office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, other persons who are in no sense politicians, and who are no less interested than the Governor in sound and useful common-school education, suggest that the Superintendent should be appointed by the Board of Regents, of which body he is a member *ex officio*. There is this to be said for such a suggestion, that such a Board, from the nature of its duties, should be quite able to select a proper Superintendent, and to select him solely upon legitimate grounds, and without reference to party objects. Should a movement be made to effect this change, it would lead doubtless to a general discussion upon the educational system of the State, from which we should anticipate only good results. Among them, we think, would be the demonstration that no State duty is discharged with more fidelity, thoroughness, and economy, or with more complete freedom from party bias of any kind, than that of the Regents of the University.

## THE DUTY ON WORKS OF ART.

THE petition to Congress of the American artists in Rome for the abolition of the duty on works of art is an admirable paper, and ought to be conclusive in securing the repeal. It is signed by thirty artists, with WILLIAM W. STORY at the head, and among them are LUTHER TERRY, R. S. GREENOUGH, RANDOLPH ROGERS, EUGENE BENSON, FRANKLIN SIMMONS, ELIHU VEDDER, W. S. HASELTINE, and other well-known artists. The request is that the duty of thirty per cent. imposed upon works by foreign artists shall be repealed, upon the grounds that if it be levied for purposes of revenue, it is not required by the country nor justified by any necessity; and that if the purpose be to protect American artists, they neither need nor desire such protection, but are opposed to it as injurious to their own interests and to those of American art, while it is irritating to foreign governments and artists. The duty is almost prohibitive, and since its imposition the sales of works by American as well as foreign artists have greatly declined, and the decline is largely due to the duty.

But the petition takes another and invincible position. It is that the application of the principle of protection to works of art is a mistake, if not an absurdity, and for the simple reason that art is not a form of manufactures. The protection of American manufactures may promote a domestic production superior to the foreign. But no kind or degree of protection will enable an American artist to produce works similar to those of any foreign artist. The value of such works depends upon the individual genius and ability of the artist, and these can be neither produced nor transferred by any law or prohibition. To lay a heavy duty upon the works of TITIAN or RUBENS, or upon modern masters like GÉRÔME or MEISSONIER or FORTUNY, will not produce Titians and Fortunys in the United States, while by excluding great works it deprives the American artist of the opportunity of study, comparison, and training, and under the plea of helping him, lays a heavy burden upon him. "As well," says the petition, "might we seek to develop the literature of America by prohibiting the works of all foreign authors."

The petition denies that art can be rightfully taxed as a luxury. It is, rather, a necessity. It is a universal influence to elevate the heart and cheer the home, and has been universally recognized as such a power, while we alone of all nations have oppressed it with taxes. If art be a luxury, so is education. But what nation ever laid a tax upon education? The duty strikes at the best works of the best artists abroad, and the less we have of the best, the worse for us all. Why should we be educated in art by the works of the poorest and not of the best artists? "All that we ask," concludes the petition, "is that there should be a free field and no favor, and the prize adjudged to the best." No one, indeed, can make a better plea for the artists than they make for themselves in this petition, which Senator EVARTS presented to the Senate, with the remark that the subject was very important, and merited the careful consideration of Congress. There is no good plea to be made for this disgraceful duty, against which the weightiest protest proceeds from those whom it assumes to protect.

## MR. BAYARD.

IF the universal sympathy of his countrymen could console a statesman in the bitterest private bereavement, Mr. BAYARD would be deeply comforted. There is no heart that is not profoundly touched by the sad succession of his sorrows, which calls a truce to political animosity, and places every party at his side. It would be well if the instinctive feeling which now softens comment upon his official career should suggest that at all times political discussion can be carried on with candor and discrimination quite as forcibly and pointedly as by wholesale vituperation and misrepresentation. One of the most powerful and effective political debaters of this generation was Mr. BAYARD's predecessor in the State Department, Mr. SEWARD. He was a leader in the fiery discussions of our stormiest epoch. But no speeches in our political history are so singularly free from personal offensiveness and from unfair or extravagant statement as his, and none were of more service in arousing the public conscience, and strengthening the country by the calm consciousness of right and justice, for the tremendous ordeal of the war.

## WASHINGTON'S WARNING.

IN the midst of the zealous professions of fidelity to party, as if a party among honorable and intelligent citizens were something more than a voluntary association for certain objects, it is worth while to recur to the views of WASHINGTON, whose birthday approaches. As a soldier and a practical statesman he knew probably as much of the necessity of organization and concession and forbearance and common-sense as the rest of us. It is conceivable that even the president of one of our ward associations could not have taught him much that he did not already know of the value and necessity of party in a republic. The Senators who seemed in their eulogies upon Mr. HENDRICKS to suppose that the highest public virtue was expressed in General JOHN COCHRANE's notorious remark may well ponder the words of WASHINGTON. They remind us that the appeal to party spirit instead of patriotism, and under the plea of patriotism, perpetually menaces popular liberty and invites despotism. The courage of honest conviction upon the part of every citizen is the great safeguard of the republic, and it is the denunciation of this quality as treachery and Phariseeism, in order that men may continue to uphold a party even when it betrays its principles and the country, which is one form of that miserable game of party advantage which every lover of liberty and the republic despises.

Having described the spirit of party as seen in its greatest rankness in popular governments, of which he says it "is truly their worst enemy," WASHINGTON proceeds: "The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge natural to party dissension, which in different ages and countries has perpetrated the most horrid enormities, is itself a frightful despotism.... There is an opinion that parties in free countries are useful checks upon the administration of the government, and serve to keep alive the spirit of liberty. This, within certain limits, is probably true, and in governments of a monarchical cast patriotism may look with indulgence if not with favor upon the spirit of party. But in those of the popular character, in governments purely elective, it is a spirit not to be encouraged. From their natural tendency it is certain there will always be enough of that spirit for every salutary purpose. And there being constant danger of excess, the effort ought to be, by force of public opinion, to mitigate and assuage it. A fire not to be quenched, it demands a uniform vigilance to prevent its bursting into a flame, lest, instead of warming, it should consume."

These truths we commend to those gentlemen who, at a time when every man is conscious that our parties bear little relation to the actual questions of the time, are sedulously denouncing political independence, and preaching the necessity of devotion to party. Does "a silver man" in a party mean that he will support it if its policy is anti-silver? or a reformer that he will stand by the party in opposing and nullifying reform? or the honest man that he will vote for the party candidate, whoever he may be? Every one of these men knows that no party is to-day a silver or anti-silver party, a reform or anti-reform party, and that all of them nominate unfit candidates. These may be reasons for adhering to old traditions and for calling himself by the old party name, but they are surely not reasons for especially emphasizing party allegiance. Doubtless popular government will continue to be carried on by parties. But unless party is to sink into absolute despotism, its tendency, which WASHINGTON describes, to become an end instead of a means must be resolutely opposed by patriotism. For there is no greater treason to the principle and practice of a free popular government than encouragement of the servile spirit which leads well-meaning men to vote for unworthy candidates, to advocate measures which they do not really approve, to oppose others both useful and necessary, and to deluge with vituperation that moral and manly fidelity to principle which is the citadel of the republic.

## PERSONAL.

THAT brilliant woman, Madame EDMOND ADAM, whose salon was once the head-quarters of bright people who did not bow the knee to NAPOLEON III., and whose ambition has long been to make of Paris an ancient Athens, and of France a Greek republic, is again agitating the question of visiting this country and investigating the sources and aspects of New York society. With her perfect detestation of WAGNER, whose music, she says, always reminds her of the tramp of BISMARCK's soldiers across the fields of France, she will be interested in noticing the American triumphs of the great composer.

—ALPHONSE DAUDET's next piece of dramatization will be an adaptation of his novel *Numa Roumestan*. Like Mr. HOWELLS, he has shown himself a dramatist as well as a novelist, his *Sapho* being as successful on the stage as off it. M. DAUDET has again been amusing the public by expressing his contempt for the French Academy and its Immortals.

—Mr. JOSEPH ARCH, having had the good luck to be elected member of Parliament, announces his intention of pushing his energies in the direction of free land for the English peasants. "The possession of a small freehold," he said recently, "has been the secret of all my earthly happiness."

—Is a lie ever justifiable? A recent investigator reminds his readers that, according to St. AUGUSTINE, THOMAS AQUINAS, and even the Spanish Jesuit SUAREZ, it is not justifiable, no matter what may be the circumstances, but that JOHN MILTON would let us deceive boys, the sick, enemies, and men in error, while JEREMY TAYLOR allowed the telling of a lie for charity's sake, or to save a man's life.

—A clever Frenchman, M. NOEL BLACHE, has just written a neat sketch in which a young woman, who has the reputation of being a man-hater, resolves to celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of her birth by having a wedding festival without a husband, but before the festival is over she becomes smitten and engaged.

—Mr. EDWIN A. ABBEY's beautiful water-color drawing, "The Old Song"—a young woman playing on a harp in the presence of her father and mother—contains as much subtle and vital poetry as any picture ever painted by an American, and is, besides, the best technical exposition in the Water-color Exhibition. It therefore seems strange that the hanging committee should not have given it at least one of the best places on the walls, such as, for instance, the south, west, or east centre in the principal gallery, the east centre in the east gallery, or the north centre in the north gallery. "The Old Song" was promptly bought, however, on the first day of the exhibition, for $3000.

—The students of the College of Physicians and Surgeons are fond of getting the end seats in the lecture-room on the top floor of the building. Each of the semi-circular benches is covered with two long crimson cushions, and the practice is to pull one of the cushions toward an end seat, and turn a part of it under so as to make a pillow for the weary medical head.

—Managers of art exhibitions in Western cities, who are in the habit of sending occasionally to New York studios for pictures, should understand that the New York Art Guild, of which Mr. THOMAS MORAN has just been elected President, desires not to discourage, but to encourage, their efforts. The Guild has been organized simply to conduct the business of lending pictures in a business-like way. It commits to writing the contracts that heretofore have been verbal, and undertakes to do much of the work formerly done by the middle-man. If a Western city, or a Southern or Northern one, desires to secure pictures from New York studios for public exhibition, it need only put itself in communication with the Guild, whose Secretary is Mr. W. H. LIPPINCOTT.

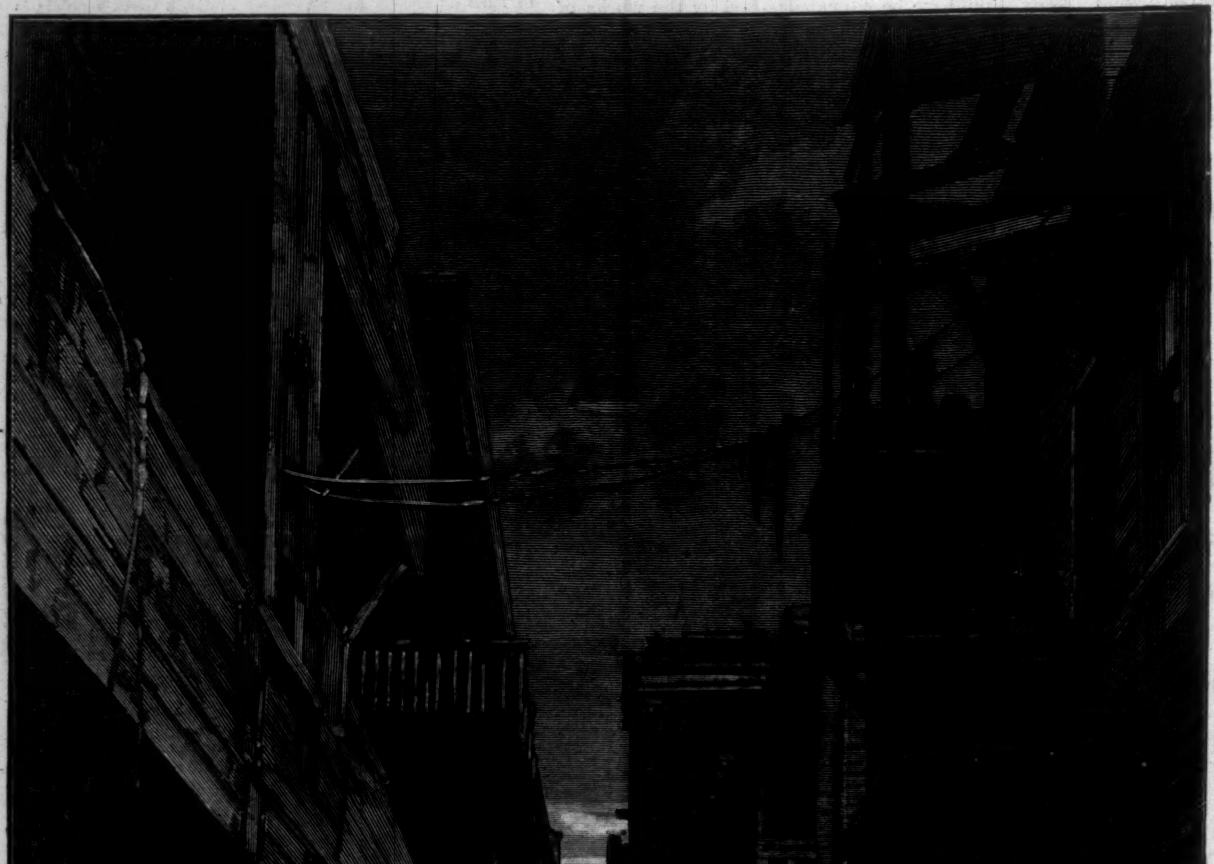
—The estimate formed in this country of the very clever novel *At the Red Glove* is renewed in the English press. The *Spectator* notices the skilful simplicity of plot construction, the lightness of artistic touch, and the general literary excellence, and declares without hesitation that the book is the author's masterpiece. The *Academy* recognizes a story told with all the assured skill of an accomplished narrator; and *Vanity Fair* says, "The central figures are fine, and they are distinct and vivid portraits of flesh-and-blood men and women, with their ruling passions, their weaknesses, and their strength so clearly depicted that a painter would find little difficulty in putting their portraits on his canvas."

—General SHERMAN announces that he was once offered a thousand dollars to deliver a lecture, but that he wouldn't do so for a million of dollars.

—The trustees of the Free Circulating Library, whose motto is the greatest good to the greatest number, lent books last year to more than 200,000 applicants. One-half of this number applied to the branch office, where the OSWALD OTTENDORFER library is stored, with the result that only five books are missing or lost. The wish is to establish eight other branch offices in various parts of the city, which can be run at an expense of less than $5000 a year each.

—The ladies' reception at the Fencers' Club was a great success all around. Fashionable society was as largely represented as at one of the selectest balls at Delmonico's. The amateur fencers, who often struck fire from their weapons, were awarded the compliments of applause and pretty little shrieks, which stirred them to emotions even unwontedly chivalric. Masculine strength, guided by skill, won trophies as real, if not so obvious, as those of the age of romance, and good men never before felt so happy as did those valiant fencers.

—A pleasing story of the petty annoyances of the American architect is told by one of the members of the profession. In order to give to a new house the appearance of age, he darkened the weather-boards by using a creosote tint. His lady client came to his office in great trepidation, and protested that, being superstitious, she was afraid to move into a house "that was painted black." "But, madam," replied the architect, "it is not black; it is only brown." "That makes no difference," she insisted; "it looks black, and I am sure there will be a death in our family within a year if I move into it." "Very well," rejoined the architect, "what color will you have it?" The lady pulled out of her pocket a piece of lavender ribbon, and said, "That color." The architect has hung the ribbon in his private office as a souvenir.


A HAUNT OF THE HIGHBINDERS IN CHINATOWN.

WONG AH BANG.

CHU AH LUNG.

CHUNG AH KIT.

LEE AH FOOK.

THE CHINESE HIGHBINDERS IN SAN FRANCISCO.—[See Page 103.]

# THE MAYOR OF CASTERBRIDGE.*

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "A Laodicean," "Far from the Madding Crowd," "The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid," etc.

## CHAPTER XV.—(*Continued.*)

"Out of bed, sir: and off to the granary, or you leave my employ to-day! 'Tis to teach ye a lesson. March on; never mind your breeches!"

The unhappy Whittle threw on his sleeve waistcoat, and managed to get into his boots at the bottom of the stairs, while Henchard thrust his hat over his head. Whittle then trotted on down Back Street, Henchard walking sternly behind.

Just at this time Farfrae, who had been to Henchard's house to look for him, came out of the back gate, and saw something white fluttering in the morning gloom, which he soon perceived to be the part of Abel's shirt that showed below his waistcoat.

"For mercy's sake, what object's this?" said Farfrae, following Abel into the yard, Henchard being some way behind.

"Ye see, Mr. Farfrae," replied Abel, with a resigned smile, "he said he'd mortify my flesh if so be I didn't get up sooner, and now he's a-doing on't. Ye see it can't be helped, Mr. Farfrae; things do happen queer sometimes. Yes—I'll go to White Hart Vale half naked as I be, since he do command; but I shall kill myself afterward; I can't outlive the disgrace; for the women-folk will be looking out of their winders at my mortification all the way along, and laughing me to scorn. You know how I feel such things, Maister Farfrae, and how forlorn thoughts get hold upon me. Yes—I shall do myself harm—I feel it coming on!"

"Get back home, and slip on your breeches, and come to work like a man! If ye go not, you'll catch your death standing there."

"I'm afeard I mustn't! Mr. Henchard said—"

"I don't care what Mr. Henchard said, nor anybody else! 'Tis simple foolishness to do this. Go and dress yourself instantly, Whittle."

"Hullo! hullo!" said Henchard, coming up behind. "Who's sending him back?"

All the men looked toward Farfrae.

"I am," said Donald. "I say this joke has been carried far enough."

"And I say it hasn't. Get up in the wagon, Whittle."

"Not if I am manager," said Farfrae. "He either goes home, or I march out of this yard for good."

Henchard looked at him with a still face, which slowly grew stern and red. But he paused for a moment, and their eyes met. Donald went up to him, for he saw in Henchard's look that he began to regret this.

"Come," said Donald, quietly, "you know better than all this, sir. It is tyrannical, and unworthy of you."

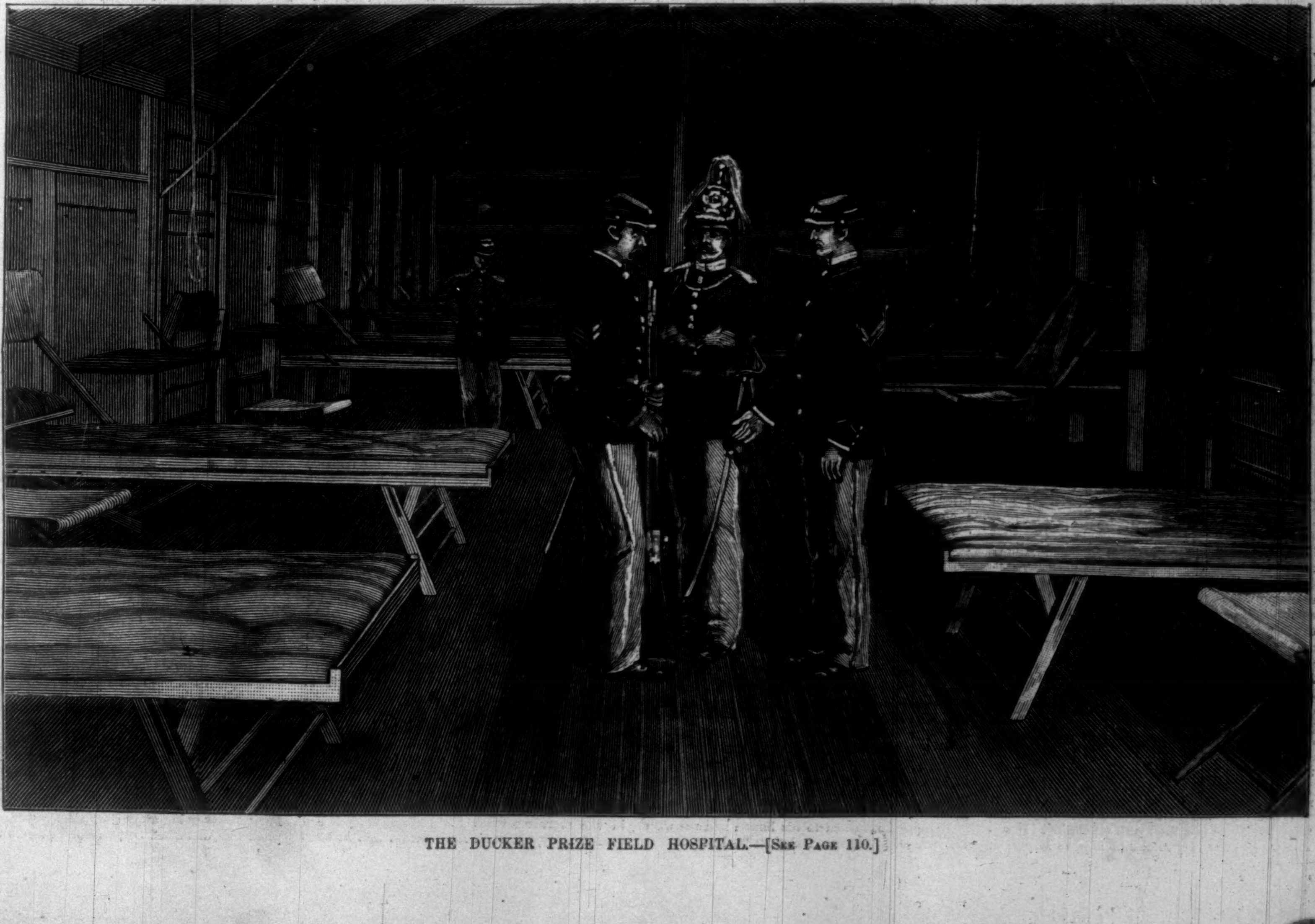
"'Tis not tyrannical!" murmured Henchard, like a sullen boy. "It is to make him remember!" He presently added, in a tone of one bitterly hurt: "Why did you speak to me before them like that, Farfrae! You might have stopped till we were alone. Ah! I know why. I've told ye the secret o' my life—fool that I was to do't—and you take advantage of me!"

"I had forgot it," said Farfrae, simply.

Henchard looked on the ground, said nothing

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1515.

"FARFRAE WAS FOOTING A QUAINT LITTLE DANCE WITH ELIZABETH JANE."



THE DUCKER PRIZE FIELD HOSPITAL.—[See Page 110.]

more, and turned away. During the day Farfrae learned from the men that Henchard had kept Abel's old mother in coals and snuff all the previous winter, which made him less antagonistic to the corn-factor. But Henchard continued moody and silent, and when one of the men inquired of him if some oats should be hoisted to an upper floor or not, he said, shortly: "Ask Mr. Farfrae. He's master here."

Morally he was; there could be no doubt of it. Henchard, who had hitherto been the most admired man in his circle, was the most admired no longer. One day the daughters of a deceased farmer in Dummerford wanted an opinion on the value of their hay-stack, and sent a messenger to ask Mr. Farfrae to oblige them with one. The messenger, who was a child, met in the yard not Farfrae, but Henchard.

"Very well," he said. "I'll come."

"But please will Mr. Farfrae come?" said the child.

"I am going that way.... Why Mr. Farfrae?" said Henchard, with the fixed look of thought. "Why do people always want Mr. Farfrae?"

"I suppose because they like him so—that's what they say."

"Oh!—I see!—that's what they say—hey? They like him because he's cleverer than Mr. Henchard, and because he knows more; and, in short, Mr. Henchard can't hold a candle to him—hey?"

"Yes—that's just it, sir—some of it."

"Oh, there's more! Of course there's more. What besides? Come, here's sixpence for a fairing."

"'And he's better-tempered; and Henchard's a fool to him,' they say. And when some of the women were a-walking home, they said, 'He's a diment—he's a chap o' wax—he's the best—he's the horse for my money,' says they. And they said, 'He's the most understanding man o' them two by long chalks. I wish he was the master instead of Henchard,' they said."

"They'll talk any nonsense," Henchard replied, with covered gloom. "Well, you can go now. And *I* am coming to value the hay—d'ye hear?—I." The boy departed, and Henchard murmured, "Wish he were master here, do they?"

He went toward Dummerford. On his way he overtook Farfrae. They walked on together, Henchard looking mostly on the ground.

"And are ye not right to-day?" Donald inquired.

"Yes, I'm very well," said Henchard.

"But ye are down—surely ye are down? Why, there's nothing to be angry about. 'Tis splendid stuff that we've got from White Hart Vale. By-the-bye, the people in Dummerford want their hay valued."

"Yes. I am going there."

"I'll go with ye."

As Henchard did not reply, Donald practised a piece of music *sotto voce*, till, getting near the bereaved people's door, he stopped himself with:

"Ah, as their father is dead, I won't go on with such as that. How could I forget?"

"Do you care so very much about hurting folks' feelings?" observed Henchard, with a half sneer. "You do, I know—especially mine."

"I am sorry if I have hurt them," replied Donald, standing still, with a second expression of the same sentiment in the regretfulness of his face. "Why should you say it—think it?"

The cloud lifted from Henchard's brow, and as Donald finished, the corn-merchant turned to him, regarding his breast rather than his face.

"I have been hearing things that vexed me," he said. "'Twas that made me short in my manner—made me overlook what you really are. Now I don't want to go in here about this hay, Farfrae; you can do it better than I. They sent for ye too. I have to attend a meeting of the Town Council at eleven, and 'tis drawing on for't."

They parted thus in renewed friendship, Donald forbearing to ask Henchard for meanings that were not very plain to him. On Henchard's part there was now again repose; and yet, whenever he thought of Farfrae, it was with a dim dread; and he often regretted that he had told the young man his whole heart, and confided to him the secrets of his life.

## CHAPTER XVI.

On this account Henchard's manner toward Farfrae insensibly became more reserved. He was courteous—too courteous—and Farfrae was quite surprised at the good breeding which now for the first time showed itself among the qualities of a man he had hitherto thought undisciplined, if warm and sincere. The corn-factor seldom or never again put his arm upon the young man's shoulder so as to nearly weigh him down with the pressure of mechanized friendship. He left off coming to Donald's lodgings and shouting into the passage, "Hoy, Farfrae, boy, come and have some dinner with us! Don't sit here in solitary confinement!" But in the daily routine of their business there was little change.

Thus their lives rolled on till a day of public rejoicing was suggested to the country at large in celebration of a national event that had recently taken place.

For some time Casterbridge, by nature slow, made no response. Then one day Donald Farfrae broached the subject to Henchard by asking if he would have any objection to lend some rick-cloths to himself and a few others, who contemplated getting up an entertainment of some sort on the day named, and required a shelter for the same, to which they might charge admission at the rate of so much a head.

"Have as many cloths as you like," Henchard replied.

When his manager had gone about the business, Henchard was fired with emulation. It certainly had been very remiss of him, as Mayor, he thought, to call no meeting ere this, to discuss what should be done on this holiday. But Farfrae had been so cursed quick in his movements as to give old-fashioned people in authority no chance of the initiative. However, it was not too late; and on second thoughts he determined to take upon his own shoulders the responsibility of organizing some amusements, if the other Councilmen would leave the matter in his hands. To this they quite readily agreed, the majority being fine old crusted characters who had a decided taste for living without worry.

So Henchard set about his preparations for a really brilliant thing—such as should be worthy of the venerable town. As for Farfrae's little affair, Henchard nearly forgot it, except once now and then when, on it coming into his head, he said to himself, "Charge admission at so much a head!—who is going to pay anything a head?" The diversions which the Mayor intended to provide were to be entirely free.

He had grown so dependent upon Donald that he could scarcely resist calling him in to consult. But by sheer self-coercion he refrained. No, he thought, Farfrae would be suggesting such improvements in his d——d luminous way that in spite of himself he, Henchard, would sink to the position of second fiddle, and be only a spectator of his manager's talents.

Everybody applauded the Mayor's proposed entertainment, especially when it became known that he meant to pay for it all himself.

Close to the town was an elevated green spot surrounded by an ancient square earth-work—earth-works square and not square were as common as blackberries hereabout—a spot whereon the Casterbridge people usually held any kind of merrymaking, meeting, or sheep fair that required more space than the streets would afford. On one side it sloped to a river, and from any point a view was obtained of the country round for many miles. This pleasant upland was to be the scene of Henchard's exploit.

He advertised about the town, in long posters of a pink color, that games of all sorts would take place here, and set to work a little battalion of men under his own eye. They erected greasy poles for climbing, with smoked hams and local cheeses at the top. They placed hurdles in rows for jumping over; across the river they laid a slippery pole, with a live pig of the neighborhood tied at the other end, to become the property of the man who could walk over and get it. There were also provided wheelbarrows for racing, donkeys for the same, a stage for boxing, wrestling, and drawing blood generally; sacks for jumping in. Moreover, not forgetting his principles, Henchard provided a mammoth tea, of which everybody who lived in the borough was invited to partake without payment. The tables were laid parallel with the inner slope of the rampart, and awnings were stretched overhead.

Passing to and fro the Mayor beheld the unattractive exterior of Farfrae's erection, rick-cloths of different sizes and colors being hung up to the arching trees without any regard to appearance. He was easy in his mind now, for his own preparations far transcended this.

The morning came. The sky, which had been remarkably clear down to within a day or two, was overcast, and the weather threatening, the wind having an unmistakable hint of water in it. Henchard wished he had not been quite so sure about the continuance of a fair season. But it was too late to modify or postpone, and the proceedings went on. At twelve o'clock the rain began to fall, small and steady, commencing and increasing so insensibly that it was difficult to state exactly when dry weather ended or wet established itself. The slight moisture resolved itself into a monotonous smiting of earth by heaven in torrents to which no end could be prognosticated.

A number of people had heroically gathered in the field, but by three o'clock Henchard discerned that his project was doomed to end in failure. The hams at the top of the poles dripped watered smoke in the form of a brown liquor; the pig shivered in the wind; the grain of the deal tables showed through the sticking table-cloths, for the awning allowed the rain to drift under at its will, and to enclose the sides at this hour seemed a useless undertaking. The landscape over the river disappeared, and at length the wind rose to such a pitch that the whole erection slanted to the ground, those who had taken shelter within it having to crawl out on their hands and knees.

But toward six the storm abated, and a drier breeze shook the moisture from the grass bents. It seemed possible to carry out the programme after all. The awning was set up again, the band was called out from its shelter and ordered to begin, and where the tables had stood a space was cleared for dancing.

"But where are the folk?" said Henchard, after the lapse of half an hour, during which time only two men and a woman had stood up to dance. "The shops are all shut. Why don't they come?"

"They are at Farfrae's affair in the Chestnut Walk," answered a Councilman, who stood in the field with the Mayor.

"A few, I suppose. But where be the body o' 'em?"

"All out-of-doors are there."

"Then the more fools they!"

Henchard walked away moodily. One or two young fellows gallantly came to climb the poles, to save the hams from being wasted; but as there were no spectators, and the whole scene presented the most melancholy appearance, Henchard gave orders that the proceedings were to be suspended, and the entertainment closed, the food to be distributed among the poor people of the town. In a short time nothing was left in the field but a few hurdles, the tents, and the poles.

Henchard returned to his house, had tea with his wife and daughter, and then walked out. It was now dusk. He soon saw that the tendency of all the promenaders was toward a particular spot in the Walks, and eventually proceeded thither himself. The notes of a stringed band came from the enclosure that Farfrae had erected—the pavilion, as he called it—and when he reached it he perceived that a gigantic tent had been ingeniously constructed without poles or ropes. The densest point of the avenue of chestnuts had been selected, where the boughs made a closely interlaced vault overhead; to these boughs the canvas had been hung, and a barrel-roof was the result. The end toward the wind was enclosed, the other end was open. Henchard went round and saw the interior.

In form it was like a nave of a cathedral with one gable removed, but the scene within was anything but devotional. A reel or fling of some sort was in progress, and the usually sedate Farfrae was in the midst of the other dancers, in the costume of a wild Highlander, flinging himself about and spinning to the tune. For a moment Henchard could not help laughing. Then he perceived the immense admiration for the Scotchman that revealed itself in the women's faces; and when this exhibition was over, and a new dance proposed, and Donald had disappeared for a time to return in his natural garments, he had an unlimited choice of partners, every girl being in a coming-on disposition toward one who so thoroughly understood the poetry of motion as he.

All the town crowded to the Walk, such a delightful idea of a ball-room never having occurred to the inhabitants before. Among the rest of the on-lookers were Elizabeth Jane and her mother, the former thoughtful yet much interested, her eyes beaming with a longing, lingering light, as if Nature had been advised by Correggio in their creation. The dancing progressed with unabated spirit, and Henchard walked and waited till his wife should be disposed to go home. He did not care to keep in the light, and when he went into the dark it was worse, for there he heard remarks of a kind which were becoming too frequent.

"Mr. Henchard's rejoicings couldn't say good-morning to this," said one. "A man must be a headstrong stunpoll to think folk would go up to that bleak place to-day."

"Ah! they do say that 'tisn't only in such things as these that he's wanting. Where would his business be if 'twasn't for this young feller? 'Twas verily Fortune sent him to en. They say his accounts were like a bramble wood when Mr. Farfrae came. He used to reckon his sacks by chalk strokes, all in a row like garden palings, measure his ricks by stretching with his arms, weigh his trusses by a lift, judge his hay by a chaw, and settle the price with a curse. But now this accomplished young dand does it all by smooth ciphering, and clock-work machines, and true circumference laws. Then the wheat, that sometimes used to taste so strong o' mouse-droppings when made into bread that you could fairly tell the breed, he's got a plan for purifying of it, so that you wouldn't dream the smallest four-legged wild beast had walked over it once. Oh yes, everybody is full of him; and the care Mr. Henchard has to keep him, to be sure!"

"But 'a won't do it for long, good-now," said the other.

"No!" said Henchard to himself behind the tree. "Or if he do, he'll be honey-combed clean out of all the character and standing that he's built up in these eighteen years!"

He went back to the dancing pavilion. Farfrae was footing a quaint little dance with Elizabeth Jane—an old country thing; the only one she knew—and though he considerately toned down his movements to suit her demurer gait, the pattern of the shining little nails in the soles of his boots became familiar to the eyes of every by-stander. The tune had enticed her into it; being a tune of a busy, vaulting, leaping sort—some low notes on the silver string of each fiddle, then a skipping on the small, like running up and down ladders—"Miss McLeod of Ayr" was its name, so Mr. Farfrae had said, and that it was very popular in his own country.

It was soon over, and the girl looked at Henchard for approval; but he did not give it. He seemed not to see her. "Look here, Farfrae," he said, like one whose mind was elsewhere; "I'll go to Portwich Great Market to-morrow myself. You can stay and put things right in your clothes-box and recover strength to your knees after your vagaries." He planted on Donald an antagonistic glare that had begun as a smile.

Some other townsmen came up, and Donald drew aside. "What's this, Henchard?" said Alderman Tubber, applying his thumb to the corn-factor like a cheese-taster. "An opposition randy to yours, eh? Jack's as good as his master, eh? Eclipsed ye quite, ha'n't he?"

"You see, Mr. Henchard," said another good-natured friend, "where you made the mistake was in going so far afield. You should have taken a leaf out of his book, and have had your sports in a sheltered place like this. But you didn't think of it, you see; and he did, and that's where he's beat ye."

"He'll be top-sawyer soon of you two, and carry all afore him," added jocular Mr. Tubber.

"No," said Henchard, gloomily. "He won't be that, because he's shortly going to leave me." He looked toward Donald, who had again come near. "Mr. Farfrae's time as my manager is drawing to a close—isn't it, Farfrae?"

The young man, who could now read the lines and folds of Henchard's strongly traced face as if they were clear verbal inscriptions, quietly assented; and when people deplored the fact, and asked why it was, he simply replied that Mr. Henchard no longer required his help.

Henchard went home, apparently satisfied. But in the morning, when his jealous temper had passed away, his heart sank within him at what he had said and done. He was the more disturbed when he found that this time Farfrae was determined to take him at his word.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Elizabeth Jane had perceived from Henchard's manner that in assenting to dance she had made a mistake of some kind. In her simplicity she did not know what it was, till a hint from a nodding acquaintance enlightened her. As the Mayor's step-daughter, she learned she had not been quite in her place in treading a measure amid such a mixed throng as filled the dancing pavilion.

Thereupon her ears, cheeks, and chin glowed like live coals at the dawning of the idea that her manners and tastes were not good enough for her position, and would bring her into disgrace.

This made her very miserable, and she looked about for her mother; but Mrs. Henchard, who had no more idea of gentility than Elizabeth herself, had gone away, leaving her daughter to return at her own pleasure. The latter moved on into the dark dense old avenues, or rather vaults of living wood-work, which ran along the town walls, and stood reflecting.

A man came along in a few minutes, and her face being toward the shine from the tent, he recognized her. It was Farfrae—just come from the dialogue with Henchard which had signified his dismissal.

"And it's you, Miss Newson?—and I've been looking for ye everywhere!" he said, overcoming a sadness imparted by the estrangement with the corn-merchant. "May I walk on with you as far as your street corner?"

She thought there might be something wrong in this, but did not utter any objection. So together they went on, first down the Old Walk, and then into the Bowling Walk, till Farfrae said, "It's like that I'm going to leave you soon."

She faltered, "Why?"

"Oh, as a mere matter of business—nothing more. But we'll not concern ourselves about it—it is for the best. I hoped to have another dance with you."

"I cannot dance—in any proper way."

"Oh, but you do! It's the feeling for it rather than the learning of steps that makes pleasant dancers.... I fear I offended your father by getting up this. And now, perhaps, I'll have to go to another part o' the worrld altogether."

This seemed such a melancholy prospect that Elizabeth Jane breathed a sigh, letting it off in fragments that he might not hear her. But darkness makes people truthful, and the Scotchman went on impulsively—perhaps he had heard her, after all:

"I wish I was richer, Miss Newson; and your step-father had not been offended; I would ask you something in a short time—yes, I would ask you to-night. But that's not for me!"

What he would have asked her he did not say, and instead of encouraging him she remained incompetently silent. Thus afraid one of another, they continued their promenade along the walls till they got near the bottom of the Bowling Walk; twenty steps further and the trees would end, and the street corner and lamps appear. In consciousness of this they stopped.

"I never found out who it was that sent us to Dummerford granary on a fool's errand that day," said Donald, in his undulating tones. "Did ye ever know yourself, Miss Newson?"

"Never," said she.

"I wonder why they did it?"

"For fun, perhaps."

"Perhaps it was not for fun. It might have been that they thought they would like us to stay waiting there, talking to one another. Ah, well! I hope you Casterbridge people won't forget me if I go."

"That I'm sure we won't," she said, earnestly. "I—wish you wouldn't go at all."

They had got into the lamp-light. "Now I'll think over that," said Donald Farfrae. "And I'll not come up to your door, but part from ye here, lest it make your father more angry still."

They parted, Farfrae returning into the dark Bowling Walk, and Elizabeth Jane going up the street. Without any consciousness of what she was doing, she started running with all her might till she reached her father's door. "Oh, dear me! what am I at?" she thought, as she pulled up, breathless.

In-doors she fell to conjecturing the meaning of Farfrae's enigmatic words about not daring to ask her what he fain would. Elizabeth, that silent, observing woman, had long noted how he was rising in favor among the towns-people; and knowing Henchard's nature now, she had feared that Farfrae's days as manager were numbered, so that the announcement gave her little surprise. Would Mr. Farfrae stay in Casterbridge despite his words and her father's dismissal? His occult breathings to her might be solvable by his course in that respect.

The next day was windy—so windy that, walking in the garden, she picked up a portion of the draught of a letter on business, in Donald Farfrae's writing, which had flown over the wall from the office. The useless scrap she took in-doors, and began to copy the calligraphy, which she much admired. The letter began "Dear sir," and presently writing on a loose slip "Elizabeth Jane," she laid the latter over "sir," making the phrase "Dear Elizabeth Jane." When she saw the effect, a quick red ran up her face and warmed her through, though nobody was there to see what she had done. She quickly tore up the slip and threw it away. After this she grew cool, and laughed at herself, walked about the room, and laughed again, not joyfully, but distressfully rather.

It was quickly known in Casterbridge that Farfrae and Henchard had decided to dispense with each other. Elizabeth Jane's anxiety to know if Farfrae was going away from the town reached a pitch that disturbed her, for she could no longer

conceal from herself the cause. At length the news reached her that he was not going to leave the place. A man following the same trade as Henchard, but on a very small scale, had sold his business to Farfrae, who was forthwith about to start as corn and hay merchant on his own account.

Her heart fluttered when she heard of this step of Donald's, proving that he meant to remain; and yet would a man who cared one little bit for her have endangered his suit by setting up a business in opposition to Mr. Henchard's? Would he not have tried at any sacrifice to please the corn-factor on her account? Surely yes; and it must have been a passing impulse only which had led him to address her so softly.

To solve the problem whether her appearance on the evening of the dance was such as to inspire a fleeting love at first sight, she dressed herself up exactly as she had dressed then—the muslin, the spencer, the sandals, the parasol—and looked in the mirror. The picture glassed back was, in her opinion, precisely of such a kind as to inspire that fleeting regard, and no more—"just enough to make him silly, and not enough to keep him so," she said, luminously; and Elizabeth thought, in a much lower key, that by this time he had discovered how plain and homely was the informing spirit of that pretty outside.

Hence, when she felt her heart going out to him, she would say to herself, with a mock pleasantry that carried an ache with it, "No, no, Elizabeth Jane; such dreams are not for you." She tried to prevent herself from seeing him and thinking of him, succeeding fairly well in the former attempt, in the latter not so completely.

Henchard, who had been hurt at finding that Farfrae did not mean to put up with his temper any longer, was incensed beyond measure when he learned what the young man had done as an alternative. It was in the Town-hall, after a Council meeting, that he first became aware of Farfrae's *coup* for establishing himself independently in the town; and his voice might have been heard as far as the town pump in expressing his feelings to his fellow-Councilmen. Those tones showed that, though under a long reign of self-control he had become Mayor and churchwarden and what not, there was still the same unruly volcanic stuff beneath the rind of Michael Henchard as when he sold his wife at Weydon Fair.

"Well, he's a friend of mine, and I'm a friend of his—or if we be not, what are we? 'Od send, if I've not been his friend, who has, I should like to know? Didn't he come here without a sound shoe to his voot? Didn't I keep him here—help him to a living? Didn't I help him to money, or whatever 'a wanted? I stuck out for no terms—I said, 'Name your own price.' I'd ha' shared my last crust with that young feller at one time, I liked him so well. And now he's defied me! But d—— him, I'll have a tussle with him now—at fair buying and selling, mind—at fair buying and selling! And if I can't overbid such a stripling as he, then I'm not worth a varden. We'll show that we know our business as well as one here and there."

His friends of the Corporation did not specially respond. Henchard was less popular now than he had been when, nearly two years before, they had voted him to the chief magistracy on account of his amazing energy. While they had collectively profited by this quality of the corn-factor's, they had been made to wince individually on more than one occasion. So he went out of the hall and down the street alone.

Reaching home he seemed to recollect something with a sour satisfaction. He called Elizabeth Jane. Seeing how he looked when she entered, she appeared alarmed.

"Nothing to find fault with," he said, observing her concern. "Only I want to caution you, my dear. That man Farfrae—it is about him. I've seen him talking to ye two or three times—he danced with ye at the rejoicings, and came home with 'ee. Now, now, no blame to you. But just hearken: Have you made him any foolish promise? Gone the least bit beyond sniff and snaff at all?"

"No. I have promised him nothing."

"Good. All's well that ends well. I particularly wish you not to see him again."

"Very well, sir."

"You promise?"

She hesitated for a moment, and then said, "Yes, if you much wish it."

"I do. He's an enemy to our house."

When she had gone he sat down, and wrote in a heavy hand to Farfrae thus:

"SIR,—I particularly request that henceforth you and my step-daughter be as strangers to each other. She on her part has promised to welcome no more addresses from you; and I trust, therefore, you will not attempt to force them upon her.

"M. HENCHARD."

One would almost have supposed Henchard to have had policy to see that no better *modus vivendi* could be arrived at with Farfrae than by encouraging him to become his son-in-law. But such a scheme for buying-over a rival had nothing to recommend it to the Mayor's headstrong faculties. With all domestic *finesse* of that kind he was hopelessly at variance. Loving a man or hating him, his diplomacy was as wrong-headed as a buffalo's; and his wife had not ventured to suggest the course which she, for many reasons, would have welcomed gladly.

Meanwhile Donald Farfrae had opened the gates of commerce on his own account at a spot on Dummerford Hill—as far as possible from Henchard's stores, and with every intention of keeping clear of his former friend and employer's customers. There was, it seemed to the younger man, room for both of them and to spare. The town was small, but the corn and hay trade was proportionately large, and with his native sagacity he saw honest opportunity for a share of it. So determined was he to do nothing which should seem like trade antagonism to the Mayor that he refused his first customer—a large farmer of good repute—because Henchard and this man had dealt together within the preceding three months.

In spite of this praiseworthy course the Scotchman's trade increased. Whether it were that his northern energy was an overmastering force among the easy-going Wessex worthies, or whether it was sheer luck, the fact remained that whatever he touched he prospered in. Like Jacob in Padan-Aram, he would no sooner humbly limit himself to the ring-straked and spotted exceptions of trade, than the ring-straked and spotted would multiply and prevail.

From that day Donald Farfrae's name was seldom mentioned in Henchard's house. If at breakfast or dinner Elizabeth Jane's mother inadvertently alluded to her favorite's movements, the girl would implore her by a look to be silent; and her husband would say, "What, are you, too, my enemy?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## CHINESE HIGHBINDERS.

INITIATING A NEOPHYTE.

THE Chinese Quarter of San Francisco has been aptly termed a bit of old China. With its shops resplendent with Oriental red and yellow, its pagoda-like restaurants, its narrow, noisome alleys, its under-ground opium and gambling dens, it furnishes a picture in miniature of the seamy side of life in a Chinese city. But what most writers forget is that Chinatown in the far Western metropolis represents mainly the worst features of Mongolian life, and is as unfair a type of comparison as Mulberry or Baxter Street to-day would be of the life of New York. Nine-tenths of the dwellers in San Francisco's Chinatown are coolies, ranking as virtual slaves in their own country, and doomed from birth to menial labor of the coarsest kind. No Chinese of rank would tolerate one of them as his body-servant or would permit one to work in any capacity in his household. Outside the Chinese Consulate in San Francisco it is doubtful whether one would be able to find a score of Chinese of good family or breeding among the 20,000 herded in Chinatown. Gathered in this way, is it any wonder that the coolies in California include many criminals? Could one take 20,000 white men from the slums of any great city and secure a higher order of intelligence or sobriety than is shown by these pig-tailed heathen?

When the Chinese began to flock to California in large numbers, attracted by gold mining and the promise of work on the overland railroad, they formed for mutual protection what are known as the Six Companies. These were fashioned on the principle of trade guilds. The men from Canton, for instance, formed one company, those from Hong-Kong another. The members paid regular dues, for which the society furnished them hospital care when sick, and guaranteed that their bones should be carefully transported to China in case of death. They were also to be aided in any difficulty with Chinese of other companies or with whites. The company rooms were the headquarters for the members, where they could get the latest news from China. Outgrowths of these companies, but independent of them, are the Highbinders' societies. These are purely American institutions, like the Six Companies, without counterpart in the old country. They are many in number, and their strength, and the desperate character of their active members, and the swift vengeance which they have dealt out to offenders, have made them feared throughout the Pacific coast. Though known as Freemasons, the Highbinders are really banded together for black-mail and police purposes. If by any favor the confidence of a Highbinder is won, he will have no hesitation in acknowledging that he lives by black-mail. He regards his calling as perfectly legitimate, and in carrying out the orders of his society he would stop at no crime, for he looks on the murder of one who has violated the secrets of his society, or who has received its sentence, as a meritorious bit of work.

The mother society among the Highbinders is the Chee Kung Tong, which occupies a substantial three-story building on Spofford Alley, in the heart of the Chinese Quarter of San Francisco. The society owns the building and is regularly incorporated. Ascending a flight of stairs, one comes to the large assembly-hall, a room sixty by twenty-five feet, well furnished in Chinese style. Around the sides of the room are ranged heavy carved oak chairs, the wood of which looks like ebony in shadow, and in strong light shows the rich color of old rose-wood. In the centre of the room is a table, and at one side are arrangements for making tea. On the walls are hung Chinese paintings and mottoes from Confucius. Just at the head of the stairway is a long tablet of boxwood, on which are inscribed the names of the 1200 charter members of the society, with the amounts which they originally contributed. In the rear of the apartment is a small office which contains the usual couch, covered with clean matting and provided with an opium lay-out; on the walls are the names of the officers and of the police force for the half-year. Four "headmen" are elected semiannually, whose word is law, as well as thirty-three "hatchet-men," as the guard detailed to execute the decrees of the society is called. The Chee Kung is the most powerful of all the societies, and has 4500 members in San Francisco, and 15,000 in all the American colonies where Chinese have penetrated. Their rolls show that they have branches in 390 towns in the United States, Spanish America, and Cuba. A singular fact is that many members of the minor societies still belong to the Chee Kung.

The initiation for membership is very rigid, and has been witnessed by a few American detectives in whom the Chinese have learned to place confidence. The candidate kneels, and, with a large Chinese sword placed across his throat, and the point of another pressed against the nape of his neck, joins in the chanting of an oath before the sacred symbols of the society—an oath which binds him to obey the society, to renounce all ties of kindred, and to swear to obey its commands without question at any time. Trials of accused persons are held at stated intervals, and the sentence is executed on the spot. The implement of punishment resembles a saw-horse—a log about six feet long, with four short legs. Over this the victim is bound, and the executioner, with a club which resembles a base-ball bat, gives the requisite number of blows on the back and legs. On the floor above where this torture is practised is the joss of the society.

The influence of this head society is far-reaching, and it is doubtful whether its leaders would heed any order from a lesser source than the Chinese Consul. It is even said that the Consul's order has sometimes been overruled, as there are men in the Chee Kung Tong who acknowledge no allegiance to China. The doctrine is that the society must be obeyed first. So when the Council of Judges decide that a Chinese has committed an act which merits death, the hatchet-men are instructed to kill him wherever found. If he escapes from San Francisco, there is small prospect of evading his pursuers, as his name and description are sent to all the 390 branch organizations throughout the country. It is dangerous for any Chinaman to harbor the fugitive or aid him in any way. He cannot return to China unless he is unusually clever in disguising himself, for all the shipping ports are closely watched by the society's agents. This sleepless espionage undermines the courage of the bravest man. It is through terror of this fearful menace that so many reputable Chinese become members of the society. Outside the Chee Kung they would be targets for black-mail; inside the circle, they are protected from all harm.

The lesser societies of Highbinders in San Francisco have from 200 to 600 members each. Their lodge-rooms are fitted up plainly, though each is a copy of the original so far as the joss is concerned.

Naturally these societies become nests of criminals. The hatchet-men are usually outlaws. Even the best of the Chinese have small regard for human life, as their laws tolerate the purchase of a substitute by a wealthy criminal condemned to execution, and the compromise of a murder by a money payment to the relatives of the victim. Trained in this way, the Highbinder is as reckless of human life as the slave-hunting Arab of the Soudan. There have been cases of murder in Chinatown, done for private revenge by hired Highbinders, for the small sum of twenty dollars, and the cheapness in which human life is held by these people is a constant marvel. The deadliness of the revenge of the Highbinder when he fancies he has been wronged is illustrated by an incident which occurred last year in San Francisco. A white saloon-keeper in the Chinese Quarter, named DEMPSEY, resented an insult offered to his partner's wife by a Chinese Highbinder by throwing the offending cooly into the street. He was warned to be on his guard, as the man was a notorious desperado. Two days later DEMPSEY, in broad daylight, while drawing a glass of beer, was stabbed fatally by the Chinese, who coolly walked out of the saloon, and escaped. Though the police used every effort to force the society to give him up, the murderer still remains at large.

The Highbinder is almost entirely beyond the pale of American law. His secret hiding-places defy the ingenuity of the police; he holds an oath in court in contempt; he can get a score of witnesses in his society to swear to anything which he desires; he has been the chief cause of the difficulty in the enforcement of the Restriction Act in San Francisco. The great body of the Chinese in California are peaceful and law-abiding, but the few hundred active Highbinders form a powerful element of unrest, and are a constant menace to public safety.

WONG AH BANG, now in San Quentin prison for a term of ten years for assault with intent to murder, was a Chinese Highbinder who took service as a cook in an American family. He no doubt counted on robbing the family when a convenient opportunity occurred, but in the mean time he was offered a good sum to kill a Chinese. He killed the man, and the circumstantial evidence was strong against him, but the family with which he worked testified that he could not have been absent on the night of the murder without their knowledge, and this alibi saved him. Subsequently he attempted another murder, and was caught, and convicted on January 20, 1883.

CHU AH LUNG, *alias* ADAM QUIN, is a notorious Highbinder. He was sent to San Quentin December 20, 1879, for seven years for robbery. When discharged, September 22, 1884, he went to Eureka, Humboldt County, but when the Chinese were evicted from that place he came to San Francisco, and was selected to go on to St. Louis to kill a Chinese interpreter who had aided in convicting some Chinese criminals in that city. Two days before he arrived at St. Louis the murder was committed by Highbinders in that city, who were eager to secure the large reward offered for the man's death.

CHUNG AH KIT is a professional kidnapper of women who was sent to San Quentin for five years, in 1882, for kidnapping a Chinese girl and holding her for a large ransom.

LEE AH FOOK is one of the ablest of the Highbinders. He belongs to the Suey Ong Tong, and acts as interpreter for his society in the courts. He was known to be accessory to a murder in 1880, but he escaped through perjured testimony. His most recent exploit was to secure the arrest of six Chinese women on the ground that they had been illegally landed. This was done in revenge for the failure of the owners of the women to pay him $40 a head as tribute-money. He speaks good English, and there is a world of intelligence in his one serviceable eye.

The weapons of the Highbinder are all brought from China, with the exception of the hatchet and the pistol. The illustration shows a collection of Chinese knives and swords taken from criminals, and now in the possession of the San Francisco police. The most murderous weapon is what is called the double sword. Two swords, each about two feet long, are worn in a single scabbard. A Chinese draws these, one in each hand, and chops his way through a crowd of enemies. Only one side is sharpened, but the blade, like that of all the Chinese knives, is ground to a razor edge. An effective weapon at close quarters is the two-edged knife, usually worn in a leather sheath. The handle is of brass, generally richly ornamented, while the blade is of the finest steel. Most of the assassinations in Chinatown have been committed with this weapon, one blow being sufficient to ensure a mortal wound. The cleaver used by the Highbinders is smaller and lighter than the ordinary butcher's cleaver. The iron club, about a foot and a half long, is enclosed in a sheath, and worn at the side like a sword. Another weapon is a curious sword with a large guard for the hand. The hatchet is usually of American make, but ground as sharp as a razor.

The coat of mail shown in the sketch, which was taken from a Chinese Highbinder, is of cloth, heavily padded with layers of rice paper that make it proof against a bullet. More common than this is the leather wristlet. This comes halfway up to the elbow, and pieces of iron inserted in the leather serve to ward off even a heavy stroke of a sword or hatchet.

The photographs from which the portraits and the view of an alley in Chinatown are engraved were taken by TABER, of San Francisco.

A SNOW-SLIDE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 110.]

## THUS RAN THE VALENTINE.

By MARGARET EYTINGE.

Thus ran the valentine the New Year
  Sent to his ladye-love, the Earth,
And his bright messenger, the Bluebird,
  Wove in a tuneful song of mirth.

"Wake, dearest, wake! Nearly over
  Is the reign of the frost-crowned king,
And soon shall your emerald garments
  Be daintily wrought by the Spring.
Awake! and bring joy to your lover;
  Too long have you lain as though dead,
A mantle of snow heavy-weighted
  With coldest of gems o'er you spread.
Say farewell to the sleep that enchained you,
  And, turned to the sweetest of flowers,
You shall find all the shadowy blossoms
  That haunted your dream-laden hours.
O come with a smile, dear, of sunshine,
  And send through the whole world a thrill,
And bring golden light to the meadow,
  The woodland, the valley, and hill.
Throw aside your brown veil, and from me, love,
  A wreath of blue violets take,
Bound together with slender green grasses.
  Awake, my heart's sovereign, awake!"

This was the message that the Bluebird
  Wove in a tuneful song of mirth;
Thus ran the valentine the New Year
  Sent to his ladye-love, the Earth.

## LA CONTESSINA.

It is an afternoon late in April—not the April of our North, cold, showery, muddy, but the April of the South, fair and fragrant as the Northern June, with a vivid, subtle charm, besides, that is Italy's own. The sun is sinking behind Ischia with such glory as he bestows only on this wondrous sea and sky, and on the upper terrace of a vineyard near Castel-a-Mare are two people, who give no more thought to the perfection of beauty about them than that it forms a paradise not unworthy of their happiness. They are possessed by that mighty egotism of love—that one only egotism at which, all-absorbing, world-forgetting, as it is, even spectators look kindly, because they all of them either have had or hope to have some day their share of it. There are, however, to-day no spectators, for the very substantial back which a middle-aged lady near by has turned upon them declares most ostentatiously that she neither sees nor hears, and there is no one else in the vineyard.

Jack Vincent is a blond, pleasant-looking fellow of five or six and twenty, with a sketch-book open on his knee, upon which his idle hands are clasped, while his eyes dwell on the girl beside him as though they could never gaze enough.

Camilla Bramenti is too slender and too dark for beauty, but there is such an intensity of youth and life in every movement, such possibilities of joy and suffering, of love and hate, in her brilliant eyes and sensitive lips, that, looking at her, one forgets whether she is beautiful or not in thinking of herself—or, at all events, Jack Vincent does so.

She has been singing to him in a rich, low voice one of the canzone of the Neapolitan fishermen, which she sings as only their countrywomen can, and since she ceased there has been silence. Suddenly she turns to him, her eyes soft with tears.

"Jacques," she murmurs, with the nearest approach to his harsh name that her Italian tongue can utter, "we are too happy. It will not last."

"You foolish little girl!" taking both her small brown hands in his, with a smile, half amused, half triumphant. "I mean to be just as happy all my life—unless you quarrel with me, contessina!"

"Quarrel with thee, my heart, my life, my soul!" hiding her face on his shoulder. "But this is the world, not the dear God's *paradiso*, and He does not wish His creatures to be too happy here. I am frightened."

He puts his arms about her, and tells her that nothing can hurt them while they are together, or part them while they love each other. But he looks troubled, in spite of his assurances, and presently he says, with decision: "It is all this mystery and secrecy about our meetings that makes you feel that some calamity is hanging over us, sweetheart. It is very natural you should feel so, for it makes me uncomfortable myself. It was all very well before we were engaged, as the Signora Maria says, that I should not have been permitted to see you at the villa in your guardian's absence; but now that you have promised to be my wife, it is wrong, and I shall go to Rome to-morrow and ask Conte Bramenti's consent to our marriage."

With a little cry of terror, she clings to him. "No! no! no! He will take me away. I shall never see you again."

For some moments so vehemently does she sob and tremble that he can only caress her; but when she has grown calmer he continues, firmly:

"Listen to me, my darling. We cannot go on in this way much longer, happy as we are, for your uncle will take you back to Rome soon, and there, unless I am your acknowledged *fiancé*, it will be impossible for me to see you. Besides—"

"He wishes me to marry my cousin Marco because of my money. He will never consent to any other marriage. No, Jacques," withdrawing from his arms, while she clasps her hands tightly together, and the color rushes hotly into her dark face. "I know you love me, and you know that I love you, but there is only one way in which I can ever become your wife—you must elope with me."

"My darling!" he cries, trying to draw her toward him again, while he colors as violently as she, so thrilled is he by the utter trust she shows in him, and so ashamed, also, of a quick pang of dislike that the idea of an elopement should be suggested by her—a pang of which she is as fully aware as he, for she shrinks away from his clasp, and grows pale to her lips.

"Ah, you do not understand! You are American, and we are Italians. You think that I should not have said that? You think I—"

"I think that you are my own brave, true darling!" he cries, with passionate self-reproach. "It is for your sake that I dislike an elopement. Do you think, my sweet, that I shall find fault in anything that makes you mine—so only that I have you fast and sure?"

Jack Vincent is, however, by no means perfectly content when, having parted from the contessina and her *gouvernante* at the gates of the vineyard, he takes his way through the twilight down the steep road to Castel-a-Mare. He has consented to an elopement, and they have arranged together a plan for carrying it into effect to-morrow night. They will take the evening express from Naples to Rome, stop at some small place by the way where they can easily find some priest to marry them, and then, continuing their flight to Paris, they will be married there, according to the Protestant form, at the American Consulate, and in the presence of Vincent's sister, who has lived in Paris for some years. But though he loves the contessina passionately, though the future can hold no happiness for him without her, he has a thorough Anglo-Saxon abhorrence for anything clandestine, and is still uncomfortably conscious that it is scarcely in accord with his highest ideal of womanhood that she should have suggested the plan of the elopement to him. Nothing could more entirely prove her love and confidence, and yet—

"What a fool I am to quarrel with my own happiness! She is an Italian, as she says, poor darling, and has been educated to think mystery and secrecy quite fair in love, and it is only my stiff New England Puritanism that can cavil at such devotion—a devotion of which I am unworthy while I can find flaws in her perfection."

Having thus proved her right and himself wrong—a conclusion eminently satisfactory to lovers, and to no other possible condition of humanity—he pauses to light a cigar, and as he does so a fiacre from the railway station at Castel-a-Mare rattles by at a rate very different from its usual snail-like progress. As it passes, a handsome elderly man thrusts himself half out of the window, urging in vehement Italian still greater haste to the driver, who replies with a shower of shrill "Si, si, Signor Conte!"

Is it an instinct of coming evil, or simply human nature's fondness for tormenting itself uselessly, which makes Vincent's heart beat faster with the sudden fear that this may be the contessina's uncle, brought from Rome by some report of the love story that has been in progress for nearly four weeks? For an instant so keen is the fear that he turns to follow the fast-receding carriage, and discover whether it enters the Campana Bramenti; but, with a smile at his own absurdity, he resumes his way again. Long before he can reach the Campana gates the carriage will have vanished up the road or within the avenue, and beyond the gates he dare not go, for fear of waking suspicion of their design for to-morrow.

About one o'clock on the following morning Vincent proceeds to the railway station to order a fiacre to meet him at a certain bridge on the high-road near the Campana Bramenti an hour before the starting of the train to Naples which connects with the night express for Rome.

"Capisco!" cries the driver, rubbing his hands. "That will be the second time my horses have done that road to-day. We have but just brought Conte Bramenti's valet and the contessina's *gouvernante* to the half past twelve train."

"Impossible!"

"*È vero, signore!—mille perdoni!* The conte and the contessina, with all the household, left for Rome one little quarter of an hour ago."

Vincent turns abruptly away. "My poor little love!" he thinks, with a passionate thrill of compassion, as he pictures to himself the agony of despair which she must be enduring, she so confident of her uncle's power and determination to separate them forever. He walks quickly back to the *pension*, but there is no note for him from the contessina, as he half hoped there might be, and he gets through the afternoon as well as may be by a walk to the Campana Bramenti, where a vine-dresser confirms the story of the departure of the whole household from the villa, and Vincent makes a final sketch of the place where he has spent the happiest hours of a hitherto exceptionally happy life.

Nor is he unhappy now except on his poor little contessina's account. His is a nature which, partly from its own constitution, partly from fortunate circumstances, is apt to believe that what he wishes will come to pass, and he has, with a healthy dislike of anything clandestine, an equally healthy conviction that unrelenting guardians and forced marriages are extinct nowadays. So he is rather relieved at being obliged to give up the elopement, and not at all anxious as to the eventual result of a formal proposal from him to Conte Bramenti for the contessina, as he is abundantly able to prove, through the American Minister at Rome, his social worthiness to marry, and his disinterestedness in marrying, a much greater heiress than the Contessina Camilla.

So it is in very good spirits, though not without some sentimental regret, that he sees Castel-a-Mare, and finally Naples, vanish in the distance as the night express bears him to Rome.

The next morning, as soon as he arrives, Vincent goes to his banker's, as the only address to which the contessina could send him a letter in Rome, and he is confident that she knows he will follow her at once. Nor is he mistaken, for among several many-postmarked letters is one little violet-perfumed note, addressed in a minute foreign handwriting, which sets his heart fluttering in a way which he tells himself is absurd. Hurriedly he turns into the reading-room, and seating himself in one of the deep windows, he opens the envelope.

"Whatever you hear, believe this as you believe in God: I shall never be any man's wife, since I cannot be yours. There is but one thing you can do for your miserable Camilla, and that I beg you on my knees to do—leave Rome at once. Do not wait to hear from me again, for my uncle has sent away the Signora Maria, who takes this note to your banker's, and who, for her own sake, you must not try to find. You will be happy some day, and forget me; but whether I live or die, I shall be always

"Your own CAMILLA."

He reads the almost illegible lines half a dozen times before he puts the note in his pocket. He is touched; he is hurt; he is perplexed; he is even a little amused. How little she understands him when she can ask him to leave her in the same breath that she assures him of her love and her misery! What mere girlish terror it must be which can make her magnify her uncle's power until she cowers before him as though he were a cruel tyrant of the Middle Ages, instead of a very disagreeable person doubtless, but bound and restrained by the customs and observances of this law-abiding nineteenth century! By the time that Vincent has gotten out of the bank, and is walking rapidly up the Via Babuino, with the sweet spring breeze blowing in his face, and all the cheerful bustle of the street about him, he promises himself that the contessina shall be his wife within a month, Conte Bramenti notwithstanding, and that when he has her safely he will reproach her in a dozen tenderest fashions for her lack of courage and faith in the lover whom she could ask to leave her in her greatest need. It would be impossible to find the Signora Maria, as she has left no address, and it would, besides, be useless to seek for details of which he knows the results. The only course for him is to see the Conte Bramenti at once. To call a fiacre and direct the driver to the Palazzo Bramenti is the work of a moment, and the drive there does not occupy much more.

"Poor little contessina! no wonder that she feels like a prisoner!" Jack thinks, with a disparaging glance up at the rough stone walls, heavy arched windows, and the generally donjon-like appearance which the Casa Bramenti bears in common with most Roman palaces. "No wonder that, having lived here most of her days, she cannot realize how limited are her guardian's powers, if she have only the courage to stand by her cause! The world will look a very different and freer place when she lives in a modern house in New York."

Then the porter stalks gloomily from his den, and Vincent is informed that the conte is out.

"And the contessina?"

"Anche la contessina."

There is nothing for it but to leave a couple of cards and come again. Come again he does, twice in the afternoon, but with no better success. He is more angry than anxious when he returns to his hotel for the *table d'hôte*. Surely if she is allowed to be out all the afternoon, their vigilance is not very strict; or else she— But he pauses there. Even in his thoughts he will not be disloyal to the love which, if ever passionate eyes or sweet lips spoke truly, is all his own. Even when about ten o'clock he walks by the palazzo, and sees the *gran' piano* ablaze with light, while the soft night air is full of waltz music, he tells himself that one may carry a heavy heart to a ball.

The next day he goes early again to the bank, without much thought of hearing from her, but with a restless hope. The only envelope that does not bear an American stamp is a rather soiled affair addressed in Italian, by apparently a beginner in the art of writing. Within there are two lines:

"If the signore is wise, he will leave Rome at once."

And for signature a rough but distinct drawing of a dagger.

An angry laugh is the first result of this production.

"By Jove! he is nothing but a *bravo*, three centuries behind his time! It is with such threats as these, then, that they have frightened my poor little girl into begging me to leave Rome. Leave Rome, indeed! I shall buy a stout stick, and I dare say with its help I shall be able to hold my own in a scuffle with any hired ruffian, even if this effusion should mean more than mere bullying."

But repeated interviews with the porter at Casa Bramenti continue to gain nothing but the invariable "Sono fuori, signore." And in his walk after dinner Vincent becomes conscious that he is followed by a cloaked figure, which he amuses himself by leading a Will-o'-the-wisp flight up one dark street and down another, with many sharp turnings, which cause his shadow much exercise in agility. He is angrily amused at what he considers the burlesque melodrama of the whole affair, but he begins to realize that it may go on indefinitely unless he uses other measures, and that meanwhile, irritated and uncomfortable as he is, the poor little contessina must be infinitely more so. A man who could hire some wretch to prowl after another man, to intimidate and possibly to injure him, must be capable of considerable cruelty in his own family, and Vincent reflects with a shiver that, among the agreeable phases of Italian life with which he has recently become acquainted, he has yet to learn the extent of the power in an Italian household of its head.

The result of a wakeful night is an early visit to the American Minister, who fortunately is a personal friend, and to whom, therefore, his story is not so difficult to tell. Troubled and perplexed as Vincent is, and strongly as he feels the necessity for advice from a man who knows Italians better than he does, he is still inclined to laugh at the anonymous letters, of which he has received this morning another specimen, and he is dismayed to see the seriousness with which Mr. —— regards the whole affair.

"I am very sorry for you, my dear fellow, but really I think you will have to give her up," he says, with grave kindness, after some silent pacing of his office.

"I shall not do that," Jack says, shortly, coloring up to his fair hair, and with all his combative American blood in hot rebellion at the suggestion of defeat in such a cause and with such a foe.

"But there is nothing you can do. To accuse a man of Conte Bramenti's standing of the authorship of those letters would be as useless as absurd."

"I am sure he got them written," Jack says, sulkily.

"So am I, but we cannot prove it. The contessina is eighteen, you tell me, and so three years under age, and cannot marry without her guardian's consent."

"I could marry her out of Italy."

"So you could, but you must first run away with her; and you can no more carry her off, now that her uncle is watching her, than you can get a mouse from under a cat's paw when she is playing with it."

With the first pang of what may be a life-long regret, Vincent rises and walks uneasily about the room.

"She knew her cursed people only too well, poor darling!" he is thinking, bitterly.

"If you do not leave Rome," Mr. —— continues, after reading the anonymous notes again, "I should advise you to stay at home after dark until these letters cease."

"Damn the letters!" cries Jack, savagely. Then he comes over to Mr. —— and puts out his hand, with a troubled look on his pleasant face very new to it. "Forgive my bad temper. Write a letter to Conte Bramenti making him an offer from me for the Contessina Camilla, and telling him about my people, my prospects, and the rest of it, and after he has received your letter I will see him to-morrow—if I sit on his door-steps all day."

"Certainly I will write the letter, but I warn you that it will do no good. He wants her money for Conte Marco—as bad a young fellow as there is in Rome—and if you were a Rothschild he would not let you have her."

"Thank you, and good-morning," Vincent says, walking to the door.

"For Heaven's sake, whatever he does, do not make a row, Vincent!" cries Mr. ——, following him. "You would gain nothing, and I could not help you, as the man is within his right according to Italian law."

Jack's only reply is to run down-stairs.

"If I had not been such a cold-blooded Puritan," he tells himself, with a certain tightness in his throat, "she would be my wife now. Give her up, and leave her in the power of that villain and his son? Not if I die for it."

The next twenty-four hours are the longest Vincent has ever spent. Angry, anxious, and regretful, he can settle to no occupation, but gets through the time somehow, with more cigars than are good for him, and a series of long, aimless walks, during which he is quite conscious of being followed, though he is too busy with his own perplexed thoughts to amuse himself by fatiguing his pursuer, as he had done the night before.

To-morrow comes at last, and the hour arrives at which he has resolved to seek the conte, and he presents himself again before the porter at Casa Bramenti. To his surprise, that hitherto scarcely civil functionary removes his cap with much urbanity.

"Siete aspettate, signore," he says, suavely, as he opens the glass door at the foot of a marble staircase. There a footman in gorgeous livery takes Vincent's card, and precedes him upstairs and through several very large, very empty, very gloomy rooms, to one which is smaller and better furnished. Here Vincent, half bewildered, half elated, is left alone for some moments, which seem endless to him. Then steps are heard, the portière is raised, and there enters—the American Minister. The two men look at each other, mutually surprised.

"I did not expect to see you here, Mr. ——," says Jack, holding out his hand; "but it is very kind of you."

"You are not more surprised than I am at seeing you. I sent the letter you asked of me within an hour after you left yesterday, and this morning received a note from Conte Bramenti begging me to come to him here at this time—" He pauses, for steps are again heard, the portière is again raised, and the handsome elderly man whom Vincent saw in the fiacre that last evening at Castel-a-Mare enters, leading by the hand the contessina. She is as pale as so dark a woman can be, she looks years older than she did not a week ago, and she moves with slow, reluctant steps, very different from the childish, impetuous grace that is usual to her; but for all the change she is the little sweetheart he loves, and who has suffered so much for him, and, forgetful alike of his friend and his enemy, Vincent springs toward her—and she turns quickly from him and clasps both hands over her uncle's arm.

Conte Bramenti laughs softly, Mr. —— looks astonished, and Jack grows pale.

"Eh bien, M. l'Ambassadeur, I ask you frankly does my niece's reception of her would-be suitor look as though her happiness were much concerned in his success?" asks the conte, with a sneer.

Mr. —— is silent, and glances at Vincent, who

recovering himself with an effort, looks steadily at the contessina.

"You must have listened to cruel falsehoods, to be so changed since I saw you last, contessina. For your own sake, if not for mine, I beg you not to let anything your uncle may have said or done stand between us now. I am here to ask you again to be my wife. You know I love you, and in spite of a moment ago I am sure you love me." There is an instant's silence as Jack's voice, which has faltered over the last sentence, ceases. The contessina still stands with averted face, clinging to her uncle's arm.

"Give him his answer, carina," says the conte, stepping away from her. "Tell this very confident young man that it requires neither cruelty nor falsehood to bring a Bramenti to a sense of what becomes her, even if for a moment of girlish folly she has forgotten it."

Without raising her eyes, but in a voice that is both clear and firm, the contessina speaks at last.

"My uncle has persuaded me that it is wisest for me to marry my cousin Marco, who is of my religion, my country, my people—"

"Camilla!" cries Jack, with a passion that thrills Mr. ——'s middle-aged heart, and sends the color redly over the girl's bent face, but she continues, though rather tremulously,

"I beg you to forgive me, and I ask you to go."

"Forgive you!" echoes Jack, with such a tumult of angry pain and contemptuous pity in his heart that his voice is barely audible. "Lift your eyes! Look at me while you tell me again what you have just said, and I will forgive you—yes, and forget you too!"

"Speak to him, my uncle," cries the contessina, covering her face with her hands. "I—I will not look at him."

"You have received your answer, monsieur," begins the conte, but Jack interrupts him, fiercely:

"Do you think I will hear it again from you, liar and coward? You have not defeated me. If your niece were the brave, sweet woman I believed her, not the poor puppet she is, neither bolts nor bars nor hired assassins should have kept her from me!" and having uttered this farewell defiance in a highly dramatic manner, that would have astonished him immensely in a calmer moment, Jack rushes out of the room.

When, late that evening, Vincent returns to his hotel, the porter gives him a note and a small package, which he opens as soon as he is in his room. They are from Mr. ——.

"My dear Vincent,—I enclose for you a locket, which was given to me by the Contessina Bramenti after you left to-day, and which she said was your property. It contains no note, as M. le Comte took care to ascertain before he would permit me to receive it, but I am much mistaken if it does not convey some message that you will understand. Now for a word of advice which I hope you will not resent. Whatever the contessina means to imply by this locket—let her alone! You are well out of the whole affair, for Italian women are strange, crafty creatures, not to be judged by any of the rules by which we judge our own, thank God! Believe me, to risk safety and happiness for one of them, *le jeu n'en vaut pas la chandelle!* Your friend, ——."

Vincent stands looking down at the note, after he has read it, with no particular feeling save weariness. He is physically as well as mentally exhausted. He has been walking for hours, he has eaten nothing since breakfast, and mind and heart have been fiercely busy burying their dead—dead hope, dead content, dead faith—all the beautiful blessed dead that had made a living Love.

He has reached the limit of his power of suffering for the present, and though he opens the locket, an old-fashioned one that had been his mother's, it is with slow, unwilling fingers that he presses a secret spring at the back. Within is a tiny scrap of paper.

"Leave Rome now, but return in a month, and believe always that I love you."

A momentary light of passionate anger comes into his tired eyes as he tears the note in yet smaller pieces.

"No, no, contessina!" he mutters, bitterly. "I shall leave Rome to-morrow, but I shall not return either next month or next year. To allow you to dupe me twice is beyond even my folly."

But as days pass, and his anger cools, a hundred sweet and tender memories tug at his heart-strings. Her looks, her words, her kisses, haunt him, as only a lost love's ever do. It is not possible that they could have been false, or that she can be fickle. It is he who has been false—false to his faith in her. There was surely some deeper meaning to that brief scene at Casa Bramenti which he had not understood. That piteous little note had given him an assurance of her love which his faithlessness had not deserved.

Before a fortnight has passed, Vincent has brought himself to such a fervor of remorseful tenderness and excited anticipation that he can scarcely wait for the end of the month which his injured love has asked him to remain away from Rome. But he makes a penance to himself of obeying her implicitly; and surely Milan, Venice, and the lakes were never seen by such unappreciative eyes before.

A month from the day on which he left Rome, Vincent again presents himself at his banker's there, and asks for letters. Only one is given him, but that, violet-perfumed and addressed in the delicate foreign writing—that is the one which holds his fate and hers.

"I know you will be in Rome, my love, at the end of the month during which I asked you to remain away. I am at the Convent of Sta. Agnese, and will see you alone.
"Your Camilla."

That she is about to do something which will convince him of her love he is sure, as he puts the note in his pocket and walks hurriedly out of the bank; but his heart sinks heavily as he realizes that it is not the letter of a joyful woman bidding her lover come to her and take the happiness she has saved for him.

Sta. Agnese is not a mile outside the gates of Rome, and very soon Vincent finds himself ringing, with rather nervous fingers, the porter's bell. A lay sister appears directly, and on looking at his card, bids him follow her.

She leads the way through a brilliant garden and a long whitewashed cloister to a large bare room, divided in halves by an iron grating which reaches from the floor to the ceiling.

Vincent's heart beats thickly as the sister leaves him alone. Every faculty is absorbed in listening for the first sound of the contessina's approach. He does not know what he dreads, but every moment which brings their meeting nearer increases his sense of some calamity. He is watching the door by which the lay sister left him, but he starts violently when a door behind the grating opens instead.

A slender woman in the white trailing robes of a novice stands just behind the bars, which she has put between herself and the world forever, and the small dark face and passionate eyes are the contessina's. For an instant there is silence; then she stretches out her hands to him through the grating.

"Forgive me!" she cries; "it was the only way to save you and myself."

"Forgive you!" murmurs Jack, in a strange, suffocated voice, while he presses her hands almost fiercely in his own. "My God! what have you done?"

When Conte Bramenti found out that she was resolved not to give up Jack, he not only told her, what she already knew, that she was by law absolutely in his power for the three years before her coming of age, but he took a solemn vow that if within a certain time she did not promise to marry Count Marco, her lover should be murdered. For two or three days she had been nearly mad. There had been a time when self-destruction seemed her only refuge, but when the moment came, her physical courage had failed, and then she had revealed all her griefs to her confessor, whom her uncle permitted to see her unwatched, knowing that his influence would surely be given against an alien and heretic lover. It was the crafty priest who had suggested this way of saving both herself and her lover, if she had the courage and dissimulation to carry out his plan. She must appear to submit to her uncle, agree to marry Count Marco, swear to give up Vincent on condition of his safety, and then she could easily obtain the conte's consent to go to the Convent of Sta. Agnese *en retraite* for a month before her marriage. Once there, she could declare her purpose of becoming a nun, and, sustained by the Church, Bramenti would be powerless against her, for he would obtain no aid from the government, which, in these early days of its establishment, had to guard its strength too carefully for public quarrels with the Church, to waste it by aiding private feuds.

This plan, by which the priest secured a large dowry for his convent, the poor little contessina had grasped at as the only salvation for herself and her lover, and had clung to it with the devotion of a martyr to his rack in the holy cause, only asking of her confessor the solemn oath that after taking her vows of novitiate she should be permitted one farewell interview with Vincent alone.

Such is her story, the strange blending of faithfulness and falsehood, of cold duplicity and of passionate self-sacrifice, which the contessina tells her wretched lover while they clasp each other's trembling hands through the grating.

With burning kisses and dry long sobs he answers her; and then a knock comes on the door by which she entered, and she grows deadly white.

"They have come for me; you must go," she whispers, piteously. "They will come in presently, and I cannot say farewell to you before them. You must go."

"I must go," he repeats, dully, looking at her with an agony that is sharper than if she were dying. His little contessina of the vineyard at Castel-a-Mare, so young, so gay, so passionately loving, changed to this pale nun whose life must be one long suffering—and changed for him! The horror of it draws closer about him with a palpable darkness that slips between him and her terrified face, and as the door opens and a priest enters, he falls heavily to the ground.

It is many weeks before Vincent's sister and her husband, who have been summoned from Paris by Mr. ——, can move him from Rome, still too prostrated by his long illness to realize much more than the mere fact of existence; and when, after the sea-voyage to America, he is trying to subdue his restless misery with the old home life, a letter from Rome comes to him—a letter which contains a tress of dark hair and a printed notice of the death of "La Sorella Maria Fidelia, nota la Contessina Bramenti," within a few days after taking her final vows at the Convent of Sta. Agnese.

## "STAKED OUT."

The rocky fastnesses to which the bands of Apache "hostiles" retreat when too closely followed by persistent cavalry or revengeful cow-boys contain no donjon keeps. The grassy plains infested by their predatory bands furnish them with no jails for the safe detention of either culprit or captive. Nevertheless, a solitary-confinement cell at Sing Sing is not more secure, and the foulest vault of a feudal robber baron was less cruel, than is one contrivance they have invented for holding fast a prisoner overnight.

It is pitilessly, stolidly, woodenly cruel. It is savagely simple in its utter disregard of human suffering. When a captured white man has been borne along by his captors to the spot they have chosen for their camp, his chances for escape are taken from him before even the skin lodges are set up. There is no delay for feeding him or quenching the thirst brought on by heat or fatigue or wounds. Stripped to the waist, he is laid flat on his back at a little distance from the camp, and without reference to the stiffness of the harsh vegetation under him. Let the stubs of the buffalo-grass and sage go into him a little; he will lie there just as motionlessly as soon as he is "staked out." Drive one lariat pin firmly down between his ankles, and bind them to it firmly. Pull out his right arm straight, drive in another pin at the wrist, and bind that also. Draw the left arm hard, and stake it down in the same manner. Either of those lariat pins would hold a frightened mustang.

There lies the captured cow-boy or soldier or settler, as the case may be, and the sun does not go down upon another human being more helpless, more hopeless, more utterly miserable.

The invention is absolutely perfect already, but it is sure to have one superfluity. Squat by the feet of the man enduring that torment, from the moment when the last pin is driven, sits a sentry whose snaky black eyes wander but little. Rifle in lap, destitute of human feeling as a lariat pin, the sentry will keep his place, no matter how many other braves, or even squaws and children, may come to enjoy a stare at the fettered form and the upturned face. The captive may as well be silent. All in vain would he plead for any alleviation from beings who derive a positive pleasure from perceptions of his agony. Very likely the question under discussion among the chiefs and warriors at the time is whether or not, when, he is to die, and under what further eccentricities of savage torturing.

The night may be sultry, or it may be a season of frost, or the bitter winds from the Sierras may force the sentry to wrap his blanket closely around him. It will all be the same in the morning, for there will be the prisoner, dead or alive. The first horror may be followed by yet another more ineffable, for the red men of the plains are cunning in affairs of cruelty. They may have no need to change their camp, and in that case a staked-out man is a perfect work of art. They could hardly add by any device to the horrors he will endure as the burning sun rises higher and higher. There is rarely an intention that he shall ever again look upon a white man's face. Unless the barbarians elect to murder him in some other way, or have need of the lariat pins when they break up that camp, the next of his race to reach that spot will find his buzzard-picked bones yet "staked out."

## WAIFS AND STRAYS.

A Georgia gentleman in praisefully describing another's personal appearance said that "he had an eye like a rattlesnake's," and then, as if a trifle doubtful of the idea that such a comparison would convey, added: "Did you ever look into a rattlesnake's eye? If you have not, do so the next chance you get. It is a wonderful thing. It seems to be looking into eternity, and is as clear as any silver moon you ever saw." Unless the Georgia gentleman was speaking merely for effect, one cannot refrain from the suspicion that his study of the rattlesnake's eye was made under exciting and distorting circumstances. When there is only a short interval and no barrier between the snake and the observer, its eye may seem speculative and abstracted, and mellow as a silver moon; but if the eye in question is calmly studied through a secure glass case, it looks merely like a wicked shoe-button on the point of bursting with extravagant rage.

A newspaper paragraph says that orange is to be the fashionable color in Paris this season. For what articles, pray? Certainly not for ladies' walking boots or men's stove-pipe hats.

Captain R. B. Forbes, eighty-one years old, of Milton, Massachusetts, has just finished a jack-knife model of the yacht *Puritan*. Massachusetts fashion, he was pleased at the *Puritan's* victory over the English yacht.

The *Blizzard* is a newspaper described by itself as being "published once in a lifetime by a stock company composed of passengers on snow-bound trains at Kinsley, Kansas."

There is a French author who profoundly believes that the press of Paris is in fetters. He is the compiler of a dictionary which has just been suppressed. For years before he engaged in this venture he was a successful beggar, and his dictionary was a careful list of those persons who, in the course of his long experience, he had found were good to the poor. The dictionary was enjoying an astonishing sale, and the charitable persons whose names it contained were at the same time suffering an astonishing experience with the army of mendicants that besieged their doors.

It is said that a baby eighteen months old, the fourteenth child of an Edinburgh gun-maker, earns more money than its father. It is taken every evening to the theatre, where another of the actors sings a baby song over it. It is only half an hour away from home. In such ways occasionally may genius outstrip plodding toil.

Seventeen thousand dogs were suffocated at the Dogs' Home in London in sixty days. Dogs' Home is a somewhat grotesque name for a place where dogs get such treatment as that.

The Hindoos, says an English paper, are complaining bitterly about th poor quality of the idols furnished them by the Birmingham manufacturers. If the complaint is just, the Birmingham people ought to be made to feel ashamed of themselves. That the makers and venders of idols should be thoroughly scrupulous persons there can be no doubt. Presumably a Hindoo is accustomed to buy his idols in a devotional and trusting spirit, without chaffering, at fixed prices. Feeling that his sole protection is the honor of those who furnish the supply, his rage must be great when he learns that he has been deceived. It is not likely that he would permit himself to be twice imposed upon in the same quarter, and a house furnishing inferior idols cannot be expected long to maintain itself in the commercial world. The honorable spirit of the old and familiar trade assurances, "All wool, and a yard wide," and "Warranted not to cut at the eye or ravel at the heel," must honestly enter into the idol business if it is to be successfully carried on for any length of time. Springing poor job lots on the Hindoos will surely bring ruin upon the merchants who engage in the unscrupulous enterprise.

THE TELEPHONE SCANDAL.
Hello! Hello!! Hello!!!

## MR. GLADSTONE'S NEW CABINET.

The men Mr. Gladstone has called about him, or at least, those who have come at his call, do not constitute as strong a body as those with whom the great Premier has done his most important work in the past. With the exception of Mr. Chamberlain, there is none of them who has "arrived" as a political leader, or whose power is likely to greatly increase in the immediate future. And with the added exceptions of Mr. Otto Trevelyan and Mr. John Morley, there are none of them men of marked intellectual vigor or of decided originality of character. The post in which Mr. Gladstone has himself won the most solid if not the most noted of his triumphs, that of Chancellor of the Exchequer, or, as we should say, Secretary of the Treasury, is now filled by Sir William Vernon-Harcourt. He is a lawyer of distinction, having been Solicitor-General and member of the commission for amending the neutrality laws. He was known to Americans for the series of very important papers on the law involved in the cases arising out of the war of secession, published under the name of "Historicus"; and he is the husband of an American wife, having, in 1876, married Mrs. Ives, the daughter of the late Mr. John Lothrop Motley. He was one of the early writers for the *Saturday Review*, and is the author of a great number of political pamphlets. Mr. H. C. E. Childers, who was Mr. Gladstone's last Chancellor of the Exchequer, is now transferred to the office of Home Secretary. He is not a professional man, but a banker, who commenced his public career in the colony of Victoria, where he still has large interests. He is a clear-headed, energetic, and sensible man, but of no special force in the House of Commons.

The Foreign Office, last held by Earl Granville, is now given to Earl Rosebery, a Scotch nobleman on the sunny side of forty, with great wealth and a taste for travel. In a subordinate post under Mr. Gladstone's last government, he was confidential agent at Berlin and Paris in connection with the Russian quarrel, and is the special object of Mr. Gladstone's admiration and respect. Heretofore he has inclined toward advanced Liberalism, but on the Irish question has been inclined toward greater caution than his chief. Earl Granville descends from the Foreign Office to that of Secretary for the Colonies.

Undoubtedly Mr. Joseph Chamberlain is the most conspicuous figure in the cabinet. He is essentially a Birmingham man, though he was born in London (in 1836), educated at the University College School, and is a member of one of the City companies. But he made his wealth in Birmingham, in the manufacture of wood screws, and has been an active leader for years of the very active Birmingham school of politicians, who are distinguished by strong republican sympathies and a frankness of devotion to party organization that would delight the hearts of American partisans. He was one of the organizers, if not the inventor, of the famous Birmingham "Caucus," which is a standing political committee, representative in purpose and origin, and very rigid in its ideas of party discipline. Mr. Chamberlain, until within two years, was best known for his work in connection with the movement for general and compulsory free education, and for his advocacy of a peculiar system of license for liquor-sellers, known as the Gothenburg system, by which the government has a monopoly of the sale of liquors, and lets out privileges to the highest bidders under close restrictions. But of late Mr. Chamberlain has become a leader in the direction of disestablishment of the Church of England, of a radical change in the land laws, and of a large measure of home rule for Ireland. It is as to land laws that he is most distinctively radical. He favors the purchase, by means of taxation, of land to be let at cheap rates in small allotments to those who desire to till it, with certain right of permanent tenure or acquisition in fee simple. He is, in fact, the most prominent representative in England of what is known as "state Socialism," and he has given to that idea more force than it has as yet attained in any Continental country. He is accredited with strong ambition, and undoubtedly aims at the inheritance of Mr. Gladstone's leadership, which cannot long be held by the "grand old man."

The two men in the new cabinet who are best known to American readers are Mr. John Morley and Mr. George Otto Trevelyan. Mr. Morley, for nearly twenty years the editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, is best known by his critical and biographical works, and especially for his volumes on Edmund Burke, Voltaire, and Diderot, and the Encyclopædists. He is the editor of the series of "English Men of Letters." He is a writer of very vigorous English, strong individuality, and wide learning. He has not been long in Parliament, but he has decidedly made his mark. He is an advanced Liberal, but not a Radical. His recent course in regard to Ireland is understood to have been heartily approved, if not inspired, by Mr. Gladstone, and his appointment as Chief Secretary for Ireland, with a seat in the cabinet, is an indication of the Premier's intentions on that vexed question. Mr. Morley has advocated the greatest amount of control for the Irish over Irish affairs consistent with the integrity of the empire, and has gone so far as to suggest that the police might be put in Irish hands. His post is a very hazardous and difficult one, and will severely tax his strength in a direction where he has heretofore had no opportunity to develop it.

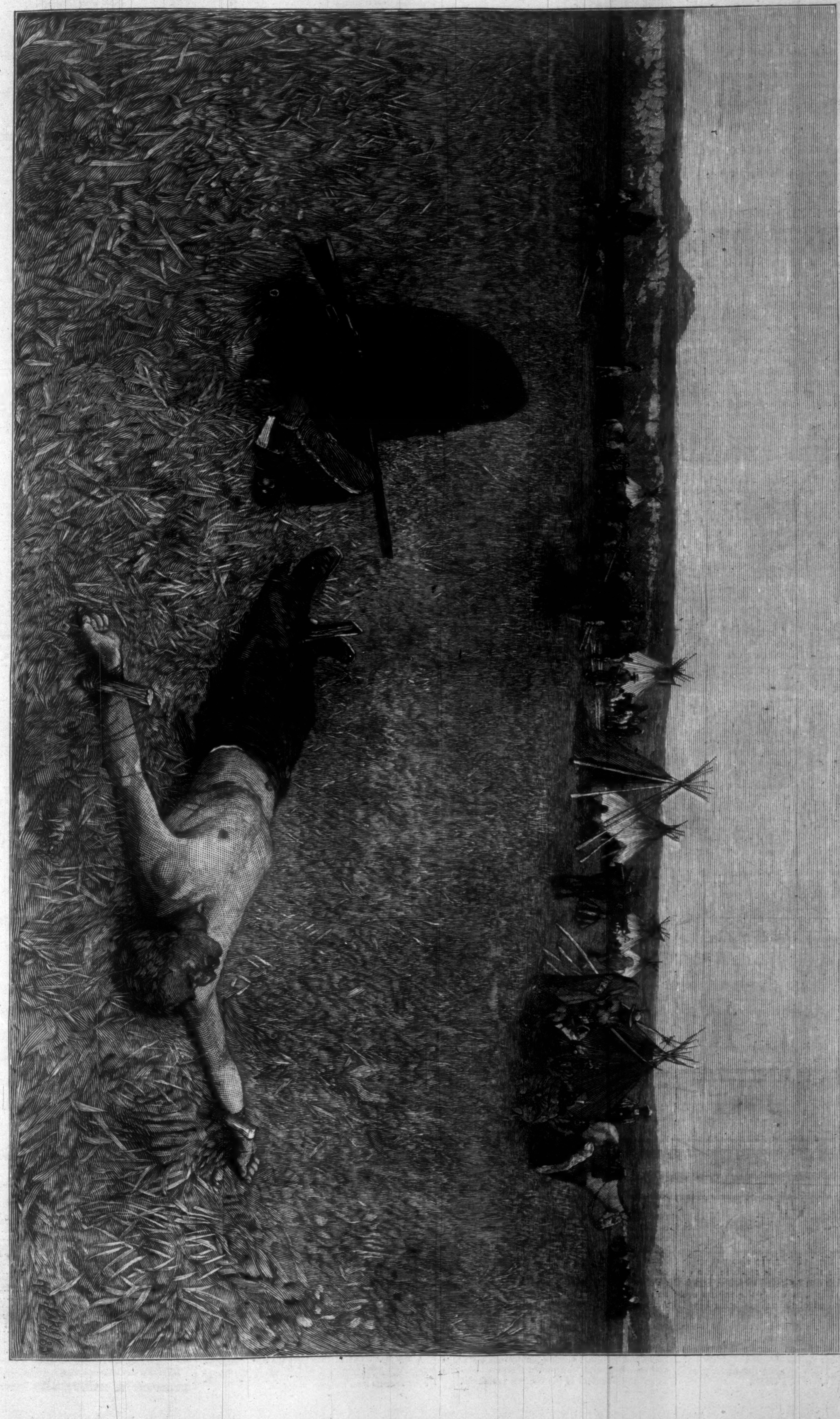
Mr. Trevelyan is known in public life as the strenuous advocate of army reform and the abolition of the purchase of commissions, which he did much to carry. He held office under Mr. Gladstone in 1868–70, but resigned on a point of conscience connected with the Public Education Bill. In the last Liberal Ministry he was appointed Chief Secretary for Ireland. He is a nephew of Lord Macaulay, his mother having been Hannah More Macaulay, the sister of the historian, and he is the author of the *Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay*, published in 1876, one of the most interesting and charming books in modern biography, and also of the *Early History of Charles James Fox*.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN *VATER LAND* AND *MOTHER COUNTRY*.

JOHN MORLEY.

THE EARL OF ROSEBERY.

GEORGE OTTO TREVELYAN.



"THE PRISONER."—[From the Water-color Painting by H. F. Farny.—[See Page 107.]

## THE SNOW-STORM.

THE snow came floating o'er the world,
From out the dreary sky,
As if to recompense mankind
For seeing nature die.

O dreary world! so like my life,
On which the sorrows fall,
Must every sunbeam fade away,
And snow-flakes cover all?

No, doubting one; the sunbeams soon
Will come to earth again,
And winter's cold and cheerless snow
Will melt in April rain.

Thus sorrow from thy aching heart
Shall flee like night away,
And trials pass, and fleeting time
Will bring at last the day.

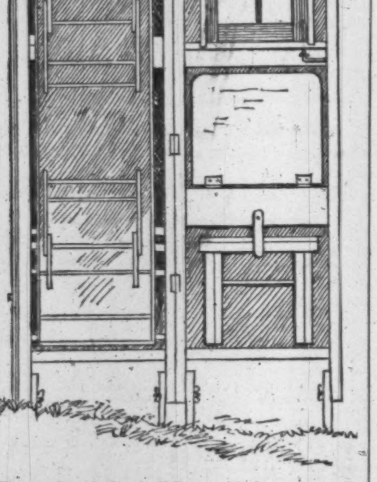
## A PRIZE FIELD HOSPITAL.

ABOUT a year ago international competition was solicited through a prize offered by the Empress of Germany for the best design of a portable field hospital, useful for the work of the Red Cross Society. The exhibition of the inventions called forth by this imperial order occurred at Antwerp, Belgium, not long since, and a silver medal was awarded to Mr. WILLIAM M. DUCKER, of Brooklyn, who, in addition, has been honored with a message from the Emperor, congratulating him upon the excellence of his invention. There were seventy-six competitors in all, representing nearly all of the European countries, and Mr. DUCKER'S design appears to have divided the honors with one forwarded from Denmark.

Mr. DUCKER, though still a young man, and though actively engaged as a member of a firm of cracker manufacturers in Brooklyn, is the author of several useful inventions, not the least useful or important of which seems to be this portable field hospital, or "baraque," as the French call it, a picture of which is published in this issue.

When it is borne in mind that this structure, which is entirely weather-proof, can be erected without the driving of a single nail; that its weight when taken apart and packed for transportation is only about 2500 pounds; that its cost, completely furnished, is from $200 to $250; and that two men can easily erect it in a little more than an hour's time—its points of superiority over the hospital tents hitherto used in the field will begin to become apparent.

The main structure is 34 feet long and 17 feet wide, the height from the floor to the ridge-pole being 10 feet 3 inches. The whole is built in sections which are so arranged with keys and slots as to lock into one another. The sides of the structure consist of six double sections, which may be roughly described as strong wooden double trays. In the panel in one frame of each double section is arranged on the inner face a hinged window-sash, which opens inward, and which may be glazed, and on the outer face of the frame is a hinged corresponding slatted shutter that opens outwardly, thus protecting the glazed window in transportation, and forming a screen from the sun or light when the structure is erected. Each double side section also carries, for furnishing the interior of the baraque, a table, a bed, and a folding chair, most ingeniously arranged.



The ends of the building are also put up in sections, and the ridge-pole is made in two or more parts, which can be keyed together, and is provided with slots into which the rafters are fitted, the other end of the rafters being keyed or locked into the upper end of the side sections. The roof consists of a canvas cover made water and fire proof by a suitable paint. In addition to the main structure, as described, there are two annexes, which are constructed at either end of the baraque. One is used for heating and cooking, and the other as a closet.

## SNOW-SLIDES IN THE ROCKIES.

THE cruelty of the present winter, which has been made manifest in Florida by the destruction of thousands of acres of valuable orange groves, and the consequent impoverishment of a large number of people, has in the mountainous regions of the far West been exhibited through a series of awful avalanches, or snow-slides. Already the destruction of scores of human lives has been reported, and who can tell how many unknown and unmissed victims are to-day lying beneath that great white ocean of snow which floods the valleys and gulches of the Rocky Mountains? Almost daily the telegraph brings news of more or less destructive snow-slides in some portion of Colorado, Utah, or New Mexico, but to any one familiar with the region, or with the habits and modes of life of those who people it, it is only too pitifully evident that the horrors which are heard of at this distance are barely half of those that actually occur.

The superintendent of a mine at Ironton, Colorado, under date of January 21, sends to HARPER'S WEEKLY the following brief note: "I take the liberty," he says, "of describing to you a sight now in view opposite our mine. Seventy-five men in line on snow-shoes, divided into five parties, dragging five dead bodies—the dead bodies of men killed in a snow-slide at the Dutton and Gensee yesterday. The party, through danger, are on their way to Ouray. They have stopped for our men to join them, or such as wish to go. The most disastrous storms ever seen in these regions are raging." That is all he says. Seventy-five men on snow-shoes dragging the bodies of five of their companions in the midst of furious storms to the nearest village to obtain for them a decent burial! "The party, through danger, are on their way to Ouray." This is the modest way in which this mine superintendent, long accustomed to the perils and tragedies and heroism of life among the Rocky Mountains, records the deed of seventy-five men, who, for the mere sentiment of giving to their comrades a decent burial, are about to set forth in a blinding storm over one of the most steep and dangerous mountain passes on the continent—that between Silverton and Ouray.

If one is in search of other heroes, let him be commended to those two miners whose experience, with that of their more unfortunate companions in a snow-slide near Aspen, Colorado, not long since, has been briefly told in the daily press of the East. Two cabins stood in Granite Gulch, at the foot of Tennessee Mountain, which is one of the loftiest peaks in the Rockies. One cabin, occupied by three men, was situated in a thick grove of tall pine-trees at the bottom of the gulch; the other, which had eight occupants, was built about fifty feet higher up the mountain-side in a small clearing. Although an ominous snow crown had settled like a great white turban upon the head of Tennessee Peak, these miners, bent upon prosecuting what they believed to be a valuable claim, paid no attention to the danger signal above them. It was shortly after midnight that the inevitable slide occurred—first a rumbling noise, high up, as if of thunder in the sky, and then a dreadful crashing sound, growing louder each moment—a sound, so an old miner has described it, "as if a hundred tall-masted ships were breaking up on a rocky coast." Fortunately, before reaching the lower cabin, the slide was broken, or "split," as the miners say, and only an arm of the avalanche reached that cabin. There was sufficient snow, however, to cover the little house with a layer eight feet deep, and to misplace some of the logs of which it was constructed, one of these logs crushing the leg of one of the three occupants of the cabin.

The two remaining men, desperately and almost hopelessly, having no idea of the extent of snow above them, began to tunnel upward, piling the snow behind them as they worked. At five o'clock in the morning they had reached the surface, and then, scarcely stopping to breathe, they laboriously dug their way back again, and dragged their wounded and nearly suffocated companion into the air. They then opened a shaft to the cabin, and having made the sufferer as comfortable as possible, set about the herculean task of reaching their buried neighbors in the cabin above. They had nothing to guide them save their memory of the direction, all landmarks having been obliterated. For three days and nights these two men burrowed through the mountain of snow, ceasing their labor only at such times as it was necessary to prepare a meal for themselves and their wounded companion. To facilitate the work, they tore the boards from the interior of their cabin, and laid a track in the tunnel they were constructing, along which they wheeled out tons upon tons of heavy snow. At a depth of thirty-five feet they came upon a corner of the wrecked cabin. Hewing a hole through the remnant of roof, they heard the sound of moaning below, and as the light of their candles first flashed into the living tomb, there arose a scream of maniacal laughter. Two of the eight occupants of the cabin were dead; two others, with broken limbs, were pinned beneath heavy logs; the remaining four were raving mad, and in their agony of hunger had hacked their arms and drank the blood as it flowed. Eventually help was procured from the town of Aspen, and the injured men were tenderly cared for.

The scene of the snow-slide depicted in this issue is within a few miles of the spot where this catastrophe took place, but any one of a hundred gulches and mountain-sides in Colorado might be selected as a suitable site for an avalanche. Among the Elk Mountains, in Gunnison County, snow-slides of lesser or greater magnitude have this winter occurred almost daily. Pine-trees of the largest growth are snapped off by the overwhelming force of the slide as though they were slender reeds, and bowlders weighing many tons dislodged and sent bounding away down the mountain-side as advance-couriers of the coming avalanche.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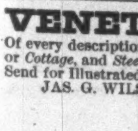

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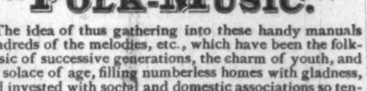

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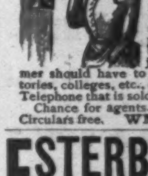

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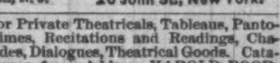


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